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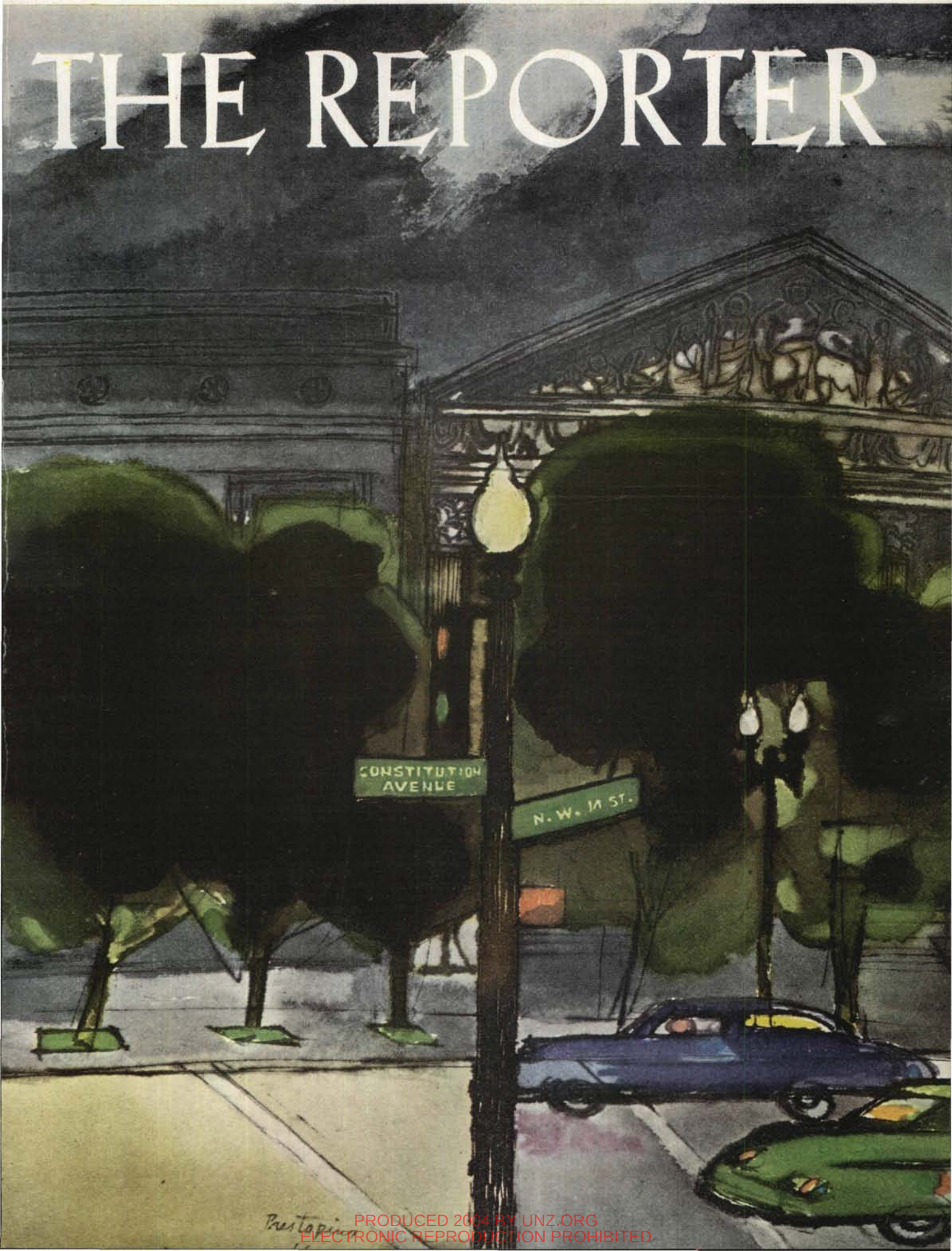

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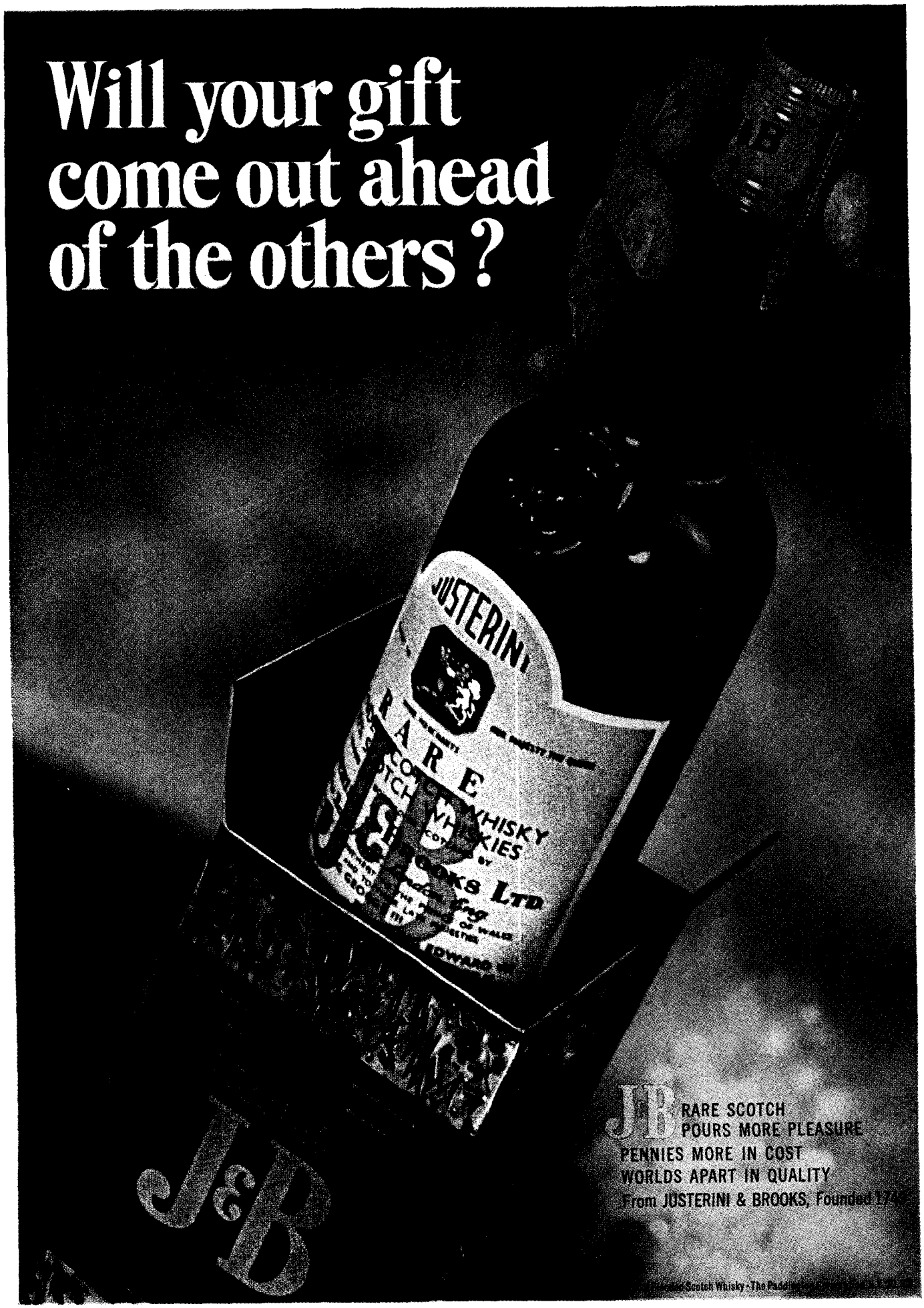

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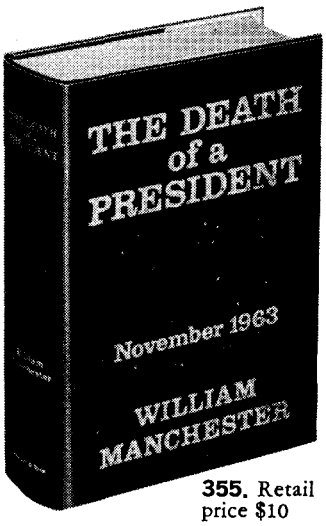

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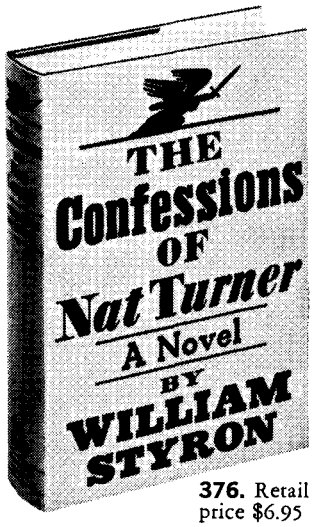

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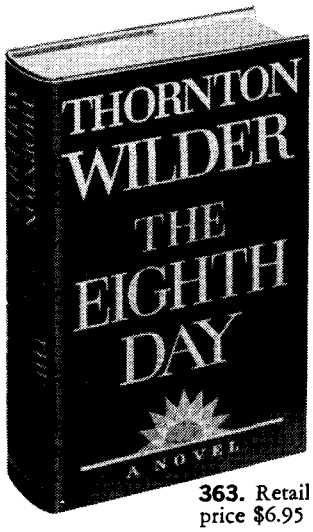

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In December, too, keep your eyes on that well-rounded box in your living room. With a little holiday magic it's going to become a music box. Laced with the melodies of Tchaikovsky and Mozart and Verdi. With the genius of Serkin and Bernstein and Casals.

It's going to become a theatre box. Offering you the best seat in the house for performances by Michael Redgrave as Charles Dickens; by Roger Coggio in Nicolai Gogol's *The Diary of a Madman;* by Genevieve Bujold and Maurice Evans in Shaw's *Saint Joan.*

And now, right before your eyes, television's Yule log.

Same Mud, Same Blood. The Negro soldier in Vietnam. Friday, Dec. 1 (10-11 pm)
Discovery. When the Circus Comes to Town; Spanish California; San Francisco; Hawaii—The Land; Hawaii and the Peace Corps. Sunday, Dec. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 Noon)
America and Americans. Henry Fonda narrates documentary based on John Steinbeck's book. Sunday, Dec. 3 (10-11 pm)
Saint Joan. Hallmark Hall of Fame: Genevieve Bujold, Raymond Massey, Roddy McDowall, Maurice Evans, Theodore Bikel, James Daly, Leo Genn in Shaw's play. Monday, Dec. 4 (9-11 pm)
Aladdin. New production by Prince Street Players, Ltd. Wednesday, Dec. 6 (7:30-8:30 pm)
Dear Friends. CBS Playhouse: Reginald Rose's drama with Patricia Barry, James Daly, Rosemary Harris, Anne Jackson, Hope Lange, Pernell Roberts, Eli Wallach, David Wayne. Wednesday, Dec. 6 (9-11 pm)
The Forgotten Peninsula. American Profile: Naturalist Joseph Wood Krutch explores Mexico's Baja California. Friday, Dec. 8 (10-11 pm)
Radio City Music Hall at Christmas Time. The Music Hall's annual show. Sunday, Dec. 10 (9-10 pm)
Winged World. National Geographic Society studies birds and their history. Monday, Dec. 11 (7:30-8:30 pm)
Mr. Dickens of London. Sir Michael Redgrave and Juliet Mills in dramatic re-creations of Dickens' life and works. Tuesday, Dec. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm)
Bell Telephone Hour. Zubin Mehta conducts "Aida"; Pablo Casals with Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, Jaime Laredo. Friday, Dec. 15, Dec. 29 (10-11 pm)
Among the Paths to Eden. Martin Balsam and Maureen Stapleton in Truman Capote's story of a lonely widower and spinster. Sunday, Dec. 17 (8-9 pm)
At the Drop of Another Hat. Michael Flanders and Donald Swann in the Broadway satiric revue. Monday, Dec. 18 (10-11 pm)
A Christmas Memory. Dramatization of Truman Capote's story starring Geraldine Page. Tuesday, Dec. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm)
The Diary of a Madman. French actor Roger Coggio stars in a dramatization of Nicolai Gogol's story. Wednesday, Dec. 20 (10-11 pm)
Christ Is Born. The Nativity story. Sunday, Dec. 24 (7-8 pm)
The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein. A toast to Vienna's music. Monday, Dec. 25 (5-6 pm)
Year End News Review. Analysis of 1967's major news stories. Thursday, Dec. 28 (10-11 pm)

Watch also for The Nutcracker; A Charlie Brown Christmas; Dr. Seuss' How The Grinch Stole Christmas; Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol; Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/ Today/ Sunrise Semester
Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/ Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner
Thursdays: Good Company
Fridays: NBC News Special/ Bell Telephone Hour
Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester/ G-E College Bowl/ Wide World of Sports/ ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam
Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/ Discovery/ Directions/ Face the Nation/ Meet the Press/ The Eternal Light/ Issues and Answers/ The Frank McGee Report/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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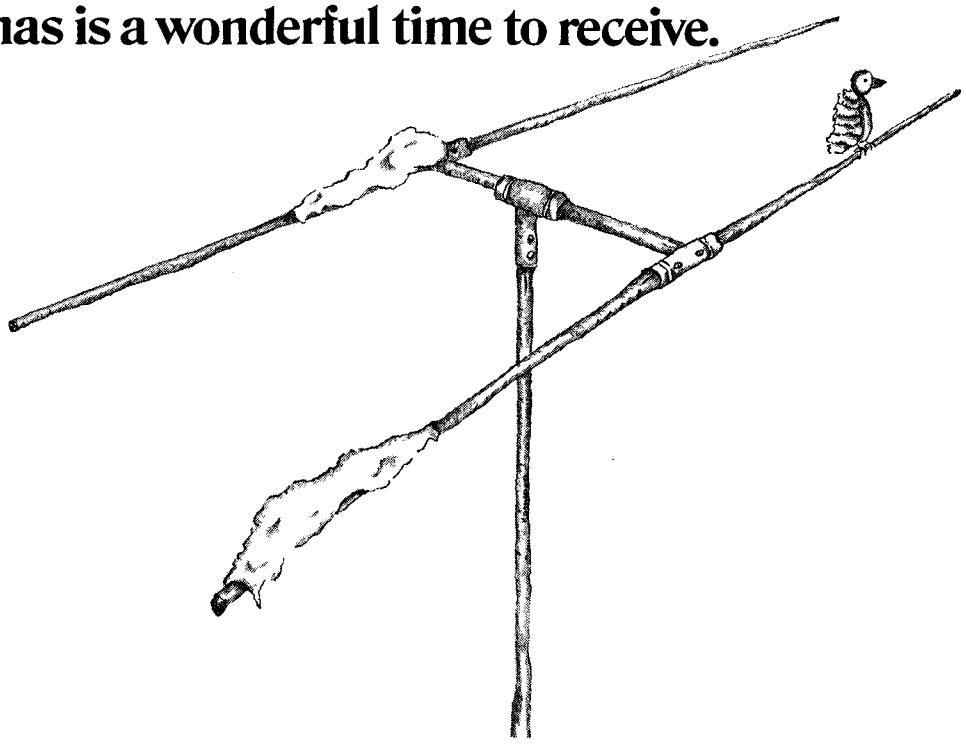

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Socialism, Capitalism and Economic Growth:
Essays Presented to MAURICE DOBB
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The main theme of this book, economic growth and planning, has been central to the major part of Maurice Dobb's work. The essays, by economists from all over the world, are written to mark his retirement as Reader in Economics at Cambridge in 1967.

Among the contributors are Leif Johansen, Michal Kalecki, Paul M. Sweezy and E. H. Carr.
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The German Revolution of 1918
A. J. RYDER

This study of German socialism in war and revolt is a story of conflict with far-reaching implications.

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Illustrated. $11.50

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE IS no denying that the war in Vietnam, small and remote, has disproportionate importance because there we—and our Asian allies—face not just the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese but the whole Communist world. There is an appalling discrepancy between the entity of the conflict itself and the repercussions it is having in the situation of our country, both domestically and internationally. This is due to the fact that this war is contested not just on the battlefield but here as well. The structural nexus of our country is undergoing a test, and it is time to take a hard look at the internal and external character of the nation's difficulties. **Max Ascoli** begins this examination in his editorial and will continue it in others to follow.

WHATEVER happened to the kind of memoir that used to be packed away in a steel box labeled "Not to be opened until twenty-five years after my death"? Or the kind of public servant like George C. Marshall, whose dignified retirement years were free from any comment on the men and events of his days of high responsibility and who rejected all blandishments while he was alive to tell all in a book? There is a spate of best-sellers these days by retired officials disclosing confidential information and invariably tending to magnify the role in government of their authors. The work **Meg Greenfield** has done on one of these could be done on some of the others. But this memoir asked for it.

ONE of the more fascinating but least known aspects of the war in Vietnam is the shadowy network of subversion and espionage maintained in the South—and maybe even beyond—by Hanoi and the National Liberation Front. Recent arrests have shed some light in this twilight zone, allowing **Denis Warner** to provide new information from Saigon on this unreported subject. . . . Negro entertainers and athletes have been in the vanguard of their race in breaking into jobs long dominated by whites. Television is the latest arena for the process, and **Royal D. Colle**, assistant professor of communication arts at Cornell, sums up the progress made in recent years. . . . An anomaly of the situation in the Dominican Republic is that the régime of conservative President Joaquín Balaguer supervises more state-owned agriculture and industry than exists in any other Latin-American nation except Cuba. These holdings were the property of the dictator Trujillo, and, according to **Nicholas Raymond** and **Winthrop P. Carty** of *Visión* magazine, their disposition is Balaguer's biggest economic and political headache. . . . **Norman Moss**, London correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance, describes the stringent restrictions on trial reporting in the British press and their relevance to reforms being proposed by the American Bar Association for American newspapers.

THROUGH one of nature's happier caprices, at least one wildlife sanctuary is perceptibly if slowly increasing. From his home base in Mallorca, **Frederic V. Grunfeld**, a long-time contributor, regularly sets forth to unlikely places. Our artist for this piece is unfortunately less widely traveled and hence, in place of a drawing of *Pelecanus onocratalus*—or even *Pelecanus crispus*—gave us a rather charming study of *Pelecanus occidentalis*. . . . **Gerald Weales**, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and past winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism, is the editor of *Edwardian Plays*, available both in hardcover and paperback from Hill and Wang. . . . **James Hearst** teaches at the University of Northern Iowa. Collections of his verse include *Single Focus* (Prairie) and *Limited View* (Swallow). . . . **Richard C. Wald**, the former managing editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, is now with the Whitney Communications Corporation. . . . **Gordon A. Craig** is professor of history at Stanford. His most recent book is *War, Politics, and Diplomacy: Selected Essays* (Praeger). . . . **Glendy Culligan**, former book-review editor of the Washington *Post*, took—and failed—the Beautiful People Test. . . . A former university administrator, **Peter Schrag** is associate education editor of the *Saturday Review* and author of *Village School Downtown: Politics and Education—A Boston Report* (Beacon).

Our Washington cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

'THAT MAN. . . .'

To the Editor: While I was reading your "That Man in the White House" ("The Reporter's Notes," November 2), I was reminded of a couple of lynching parties of the past when poison pens and poison voices baited, ridiculed, and castigated Abraham Lincoln and Herbert Hoover. Although demagogues and petty politicians will often attempt to preserve their vanity at their country's expense, it takes a statesman to do what he feels must be done for his country's good, letting personal vanity fall where it may.

IRENE PRATER DELL
Carl Junction, Missouri

To the Editor: One must admire your cool-headedness in the midst of total public hysteria. Your realistic appraisal of Johnson in the November 2 issue deserves full recognition and general praise. I did not vote for Lyndon myself, but right now I would be very tempted to rank him right behind Teddy Roosevelt and Harry Truman as the third best President the United States has had in the twentieth century.

VALDIS A. AUGSTKALNS
Parkersburg, West Virginia

To the Editor: It is undeniably true that many of the manifestations of the "hate Johnson" wave, especially among Democrats, are pathological or at any rate irrational. But the movement itself is based on the hatred of the betrayed for the betrayer; its proponents, after all, are the people who voted for Johnson because of his promise to end or at the very least de-escalate the war in Vietnam and accelerate the war on poverty. Their reactions are incomprehensible only to those who also find incomprehensible the old-fashioned but evidently far from vanishing notions that an elected official is responsible to his constituency and that any human being past the age of discretion is responsible for the keeping of his promises.

MARIAN H. NEUDEL
Chicago

To the Editor: Amidst all the clamor of attacks on the President from Left, Right, Center, and everywhere else, I had started to wonder whether I was the only person left who thought that the President was doing a good job —and, under the circumstances, a better job than anyone else. Glad that you said it and expressed it so well.

HARRY WEISS
White Plains, New York

CALIFORNIA POLITICS

To the Editor: James Phelan's article "A Democratic Disaster Area" (*The Reporter*, November 2) is reflective of the political scene in the Golden State and gives an accurate analysis of the so-called Reagan mystique.

What many outside California fail to understand and what anti-Reaganites won't admit is the simple fact that here is a man who just happens to want to serve the public. In the final analysis, I believe that it was the genuine sincerity of Ronald Reagan that defeated Pat Brown.

DON H. CLAUSEN
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: James Phelan's article is generally accurate, balanced, and well developed.

Mr. Phelan refers to the California Democratic Council membership as "ultra-liberal." CDC has retained a responsible liberal position and evidence of CDC's broad liberal attraction is the support it has received in launching a committee for a Democratic delegation slate pledged to a peace platform and candidate in 1968. Among those on the Steering Committee are Edmund G. Brown, Jr., son of the former governor; Assemblyman John Burton; two Brown appointees to the Public Utilities Commission; the former finance chairman of the Democratic Party, the current Secretary of the Democratic State Committee; the co-chairman of Women for Johnson-Humphrey in 1964; about ten members of the Executive Committee of the State Committee; the state president of the Young Democrats, a former executive secretary to the governor; and more than a dozen Democratic candidates in 1966.

California presents a political labyrinth that is difficult to fathom—even for those on the scene. I feel that Mr. Phelan did a quite readable job of finding his way through the maze.

GERALD N. HILL
President
California Democratic Council
San Francisco

To the Editor: James Phelan is one of my favorite writers, but he certainly missed the point when he attempted to explain the Yorty-Wyman feud as stemming from offshore oil leases. The break between the Wymans and Yorty was because of his support for Richard Nixon. Prior to that time we were close friends of Yorty's. Then he wrote the infamous book *Why I Can't Take Kennedy*, and from that time on we could not take Yorty.

EUGENE L. WYMAN
Democratic National
Committeeman for California
Beverly Hills

To the Editor: Mr. Phelan's article was accurate and succinct. I relished it, probably because of my partisan feelings. It was delightful to find that the Democrats in California are going through the same "disunity" phase that we Republicans did just recently.

BOB MONAGAN
Minority Floor Leader
California Assembly
Sacramento

NORTHWARD BOUND

To the Editor: Thank you for Paul Clancy's article "Can the Southern Negro Exodus Be Stemmed?" (*The Reporter*, November 2) on the migration of Negroes to the North.

This problem has been of some concern to us for a long time and we are taking steps, as Paul noted in his article, to keep our people in the state. As was also noted in the story, this is a difficult problem to surmount. Although we cannot be enthusiastic about our progress up to this point, we are hopeful.

ROBERT E. MCNAIR
Governor
Columbia, South Carolina

To the Editor: Paul Clancy's article is an excellent revelation of the plight of the Negro in Williamsburg and other rural South Carolina counties. I only hope that this time "the powers that be" will react not only with money but also with white commitment, interest, and dedication to solving problems.

JAMES L. FELDER
Field Director
Voter Education Project
Columbia, South Carolina

OKINAWA

To the Editor: Concerning Martin E. Weinstein's article "Okinawa's Future and Far-East Security" (*The Reporter*, November 2), poor diplomatic and military foresight over the past twenty-two years have burdened the United States with an unenviable job in the Far East defending allies who are either unable or unwilling to contribute toward their own defense against Communist aggression.

Japan is eminently able to build, man, and maintain powerful land, sea, and air forces; but as long as it is disarmed, there will be no such thing as Far-East security.

I think President Johnson can move to correct this situation and best serve the United States by putting the Japanese government on notice of a fixed and irrevocable date in the not distant future when U.S. land, sea, and air forces will be completely withdrawn from Japan and the Ryukyu Islands, including Okinawa; and by selling to Japan at bargain prices some of our mothball fleet to help its navy to a fast realization.

Communist China, with a militarily strong Japan to her east and the power of Russia confronting her to the west, will then be better contained and will not be a great threat to her small neighbors.

PATRICK J. HERRITY
Bergenfield, New Jersey

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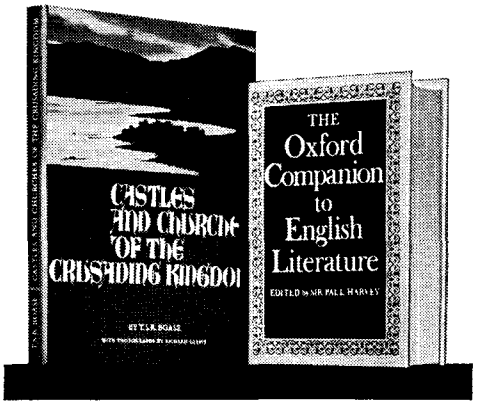

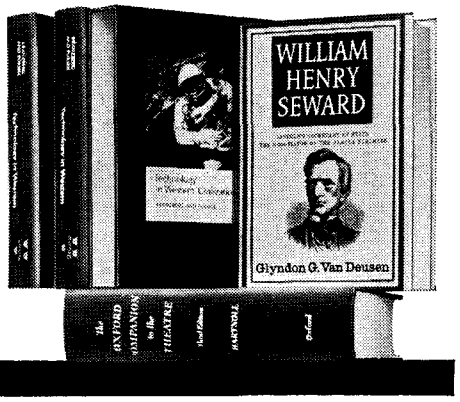

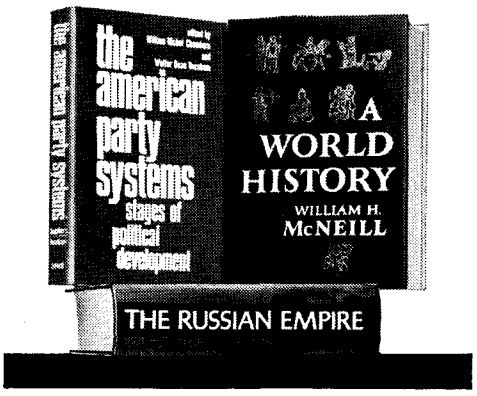

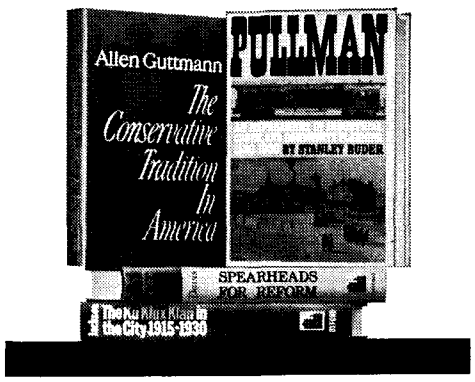

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Mini-School Districts

Within three months Chicago and New York have been presented with plans for arresting the grave deterioration of their school systems. Both proposals have been drawn up by panels of experts, both are far-reaching if not revolutionary, and both have been greeted enthusiastically by leading educators. Yet they are so emphatically and overwhelmingly opposed to each other in philosophy and direction that to the innocent bystander in either city the differences between them might well dictate an attitude of caution rather than rapturous endorsement.

Consider the differences. Chicago's plan, proposed by Superintendent James F. Redmond and immediately accepted by the city's board of education, calls for a massive effort at integration, through extensive transportation, educational parks, "magnet" schools so glamorous they will lure suburban fugitives back to town, and city-suburban pupil exchanges—all carried out on such a scale that eventually "There would, in effect, be no neighborhood schools."

In total contrast to this approach, with its emphasis on integration and its hope in the metropolitan area as the ultimate school district, Mayor Lindsay's advisory panel, headed by McGeorge Bundy, calls for an extreme in localism—the division of New York City's school system into thirty to sixty neighborhood districts, each with the autonomy of an independent town school board, though fed financially from the city treasury. Inevitably in the circumstances, the plan would encourage the kind of self-imposed but intensified segregation that a CORE spokesman in Harlem had in mind when he observed recently that "people today talk about control of their community schools. Integration is counter to the mood of black people." The Bundy plan would give them the power to hire and fire superintendents, sign on teachers and grant or withhold tenure, decide on curriculum beyond the prescribed requirements of the state, and in general control the type of schooling offered in the district.

SINCE citizens in Malverne, New York, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, and Sauk Centre, Minnesota, enjoy exactly those privileges, through their elected school boards, there seems no compelling reason to deny them to citizens of New York City, whether they live in Harlem or a lily-white area of Staten Island. But a great deal of scholarly tonnage has poured off the presses in recent years to make precisely the point that in this highly complex and mobile society a *local* philosophy of education is a limitation if not an anachronism. Among the arguments for expanding rather than contracting the school district is the need for a fairer distribution of teaching talent, which can be had by assignment, as at present, but hardly by reliance on the free play of the academic marketplace. Another argument is the desirability of a more or less uniform curriculum to allow for the constant shifting of children from district to district, city to city, and state to state. And still another is the course of parochialism, rooted in provincial or group fears and prejudices and often impressed on school boards by local pressure groups.

On all three counts the Bundy plan might be questioned as a possible retrogression in the name of progress. Putting aside the question of integration versus black power, experts have pointed out that with each district in the city empowered to pick its own staff, teachers would "shop around," leaving experienced teachers free to move to comfortable middle-class schools while saddling the ghetto schools with those who don't make the grade elsewhere.

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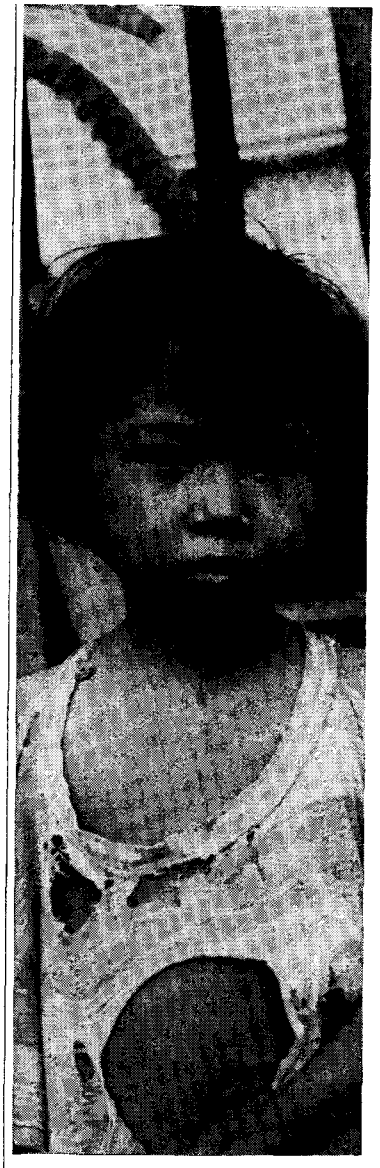
Curriculum under the plan would be easy prey for special pleaders and extremists of all sorts. Ideally, CORE's Floyd B. McKissick has written, "Comprehensive courses in Black History, Black Literature, African Languages (i.e., Swahili) and Black Culture must be mandatory for all practicing and potential teachers, regardless of the subjects they will teach." Finally, parochialism of even more unsavory sorts might well appear in districts remote from Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. It takes no flight of the imagination to see a Birch-infiltrated school board in deepest Queens throwing out a textbook friendly to the United Nations, and a teacher or two along with it.

Mario Fantini, the Ford Foundation executive who directed the panel's staff work, has observed that if the Bundy report "just engages the interested parties in a serious dialogue about reform," the panel will be pleased. If that were all that was involved, his would be a modest hope and one certain to be fulfilled. But what Mayor Lindsay needed was a limited decentralization plan that he could pass on to Albany by December 1 in order to qualify the city for additional state aid. To meet this modest and urgent purpose with a scheme as far-reaching as this is to assume that at least in its general direction the proposal is not open to serious argument, which is hardly the case. It is hard for the layman to accept at one and the same time the view of Dr. Philip M. Hauser, distinguished sociologist at the University of Chicago, that the Redmond plan is "a wonderful step in the right direction" and the view of the equally distinguished Dr. John H. Fischer, president of Teachers College, Columbia University, that the diametrically opposed Bundy plan is "splendid" and "wholly admirable."

Bosses and Boll Weevils

The annual "poverty bill" looked like an irresistible sacrificial victim when it appeared before a tired Congress facing demands to economize. When the yearly authorization for the Office of Economic Opportunity finally emerged from the economy-minded House, however, it had passed with 154 votes to spare, the



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President's request for $2.06 billion cut by a mere $460 million.

The price of passage was an amendment in the committee bill for more local political control over anti-poverty agencies. The amendment, sponsored by Representative Edith Green (D., Oregon), gives city or county officials increased representation on agency boards. It was directed at the "community action" programs of OEO, the poverty war's most controversial operation, because of their independence from and frequent antagonism to mayors and county officials. Many Southerners with strong influence over county courthouses were now encouraged to support the poverty program.

Representative Charles E. Goodell (R., New York), his party's chief critic of the poverty legislation, led several unsuccessful attempts to parcel out various OEO programs to the Department of Labor and the Office of Education. His efforts failed largely because Southerners had no desire to deal with the Office of Education, the chief spearhead of Federal efforts to enforce school desegregation. Goodell went further in affronting the sensibilities of the South by calling the Green amendment "the bosses and boll weevil amendment," making the charge that each community action program would be dominated by a Northern city hall or a Southern county courthouse.

Republicans never made a convincing case for dismantling OEO, any more than they did in their effort to modify the Green amendment by allowing city or county officials a slightly smaller representation in local agencies. Referring to Goodell's "bossism" charge, Representative Hugh L. Carey (D., New York) said: "Evidently when the gentleman puts them [local officials] in his amendment, they are anointed and deserving and truly diligent and worthy public officials, but when they are in the committee bill, they are low-grade politicians."

Goodell was following the new strategy of divorcing the GOP from the sons of the Confederacy, a strategy enunciated by Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford of Michigan on May 11. It was first tried out in the aid-to-education bill when Republicans spurned Southern help in seeking to replace Federal aid with "block grants" for education. It had been praised for shrewdness before it was defeated on that occasion, just as the recent attempt to dismantle OEO was considered a bright new idea before it failed. The one thing, in fact, that the Republican strategy has accomplished is the creation of a temporary coalition of Northern and Southern Democrats to replace the once formidable GOP-Dixiecrat alliance.

Another contribution to the bill's passage was a new whip system instituted by several members of the Democratic Study Group, an assemblage of the party's liberals. Each DSG member was given a chart, festooned with arrows, categories, and directives as arcane as the downfield blocking assignments of the Washington Redskins:

"The Whip (First Level) should keep track of the other two Members in his group, and report to the Reporter or his Alternate (Second Level) after each teller vote. A Whip who must leave the House floor should designate a substitute and inform the Reporter. The Reporter (Second Level) will assemble attendance information after each teller vote, and report to the Coordinator. The Alternate Reporter will act in the place of the Reporter who is temporarily absent." What it all amounted to was a brother's keeper routine with each member responsible for the presence of two of his comrades on the House floor for crucial votes. It was one of the most effective, if crowded, demonstrations of floor leadership this year.

The final factor in the rescue of the poverty bill was the outcome of the November 7 mayoralty elections. Several Midwestern Democrats, observing the election of Negro mayors in Cleveland and Gary, became noticeably more enthusiastic about the poverty bill than before and noticeably more faithful in appearing for votes. A handful of New England Republicans, noting the defeat of Louise Day Hicks and the first city-wide election of a Negro to the city council in Boston, switched from vociferous opposition to the poverty bill and voted for its final passage.

The bill's passage coincided with what appears to be a rekindling of America's conscience in race relations. One side benefit of these events is the fate of the phrase "black power." It may be gradually slipping out of the national lexicon after having its most effective use in Cleveland, Gary, and Boston.

Our Feathered Friends

Confirmed political birdwatchers that we are, we know that patience is of the essence in our hobby, since the flights and migrations we wait for only occur quadrennially. Still, it can seem a long time between sightings. Three years have passed, after all, since that chill November morning when we were out scanning the skies for evidence of the Northern White Backlash and that variant of its species, the Heavy Polish Crossover, both of which failed to appear. Moreover, by that time it had already been months since we had seen a single Eastern Kingmaker —frankly, 1964 was not a good year.

Perhaps we're just being optimistic, but we think things may be looking up for 1968. Here it is still 1967 and we have already sighted our first Brainwashed Lansinger, and you *know* you don't see those every day. And the Marching Leftwing—everywhere you look. Of course, these are only preliminary indications. A lot will depend on what happens between now and next fall, not just abroad, but also on Capitol Hill. Birdwatchers there report having sighted an unusual number of Housebacked Slashes, along with one almost unrecognizably battered bird, which they have tentatively identified as a Drooping Taxbill.

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We and They

PLANS on how to end the war in Vietnam and bring our soldiers home keep on being unveiled, with some shade of difference as to the tempo and the extent of our withdrawal from Asia, but all offering variations on the same theme: the presence of half a million American soldiers in that remote peninsula endangers the détente between our country and the Communist powers. How many times have the good tidings come from authoritative public thinkers that the "cold war" had come to an end and that, of all people, we had won it? Our Vietnam adventure is unhinging the structure on which "peaceful co-existence" with the Soviet Union used to be balanced; it is isolating us from friends and allies abroad; it is arousing not just opposition but insurrection at home.

Among those greatly disturbed by this war, Richard Rovere, in the *New Yorker*, has put the case with most remarkable candor: "I want us to get out, and then try to recover our sanity, so that we may face the consequences. Some of them cause me almost no concern. The spread of Communism bothers me very little. . . . we can live with it just about anywhere." We are thus spared a Rovere plan, although chilled by a forewarning: "The war in Vietnam is heading too many of us for the loony bin."

But there is no scarcity of plans available, all publicized in the New York *Times* and glamorized by TV interviews featuring the planners. The format does not lend itself to much virtuosity, for it demands a sneering denial of the domino theory, an invocation for a return to Geneva, the advocacy of a South Vietnamese government with large Communist participation, and the solemn swearing on our part that we will abandon an empire we never had. This abjuration would be a tribute to France, which, at Geneva, purified itself of its Asian possessions. For a time, the theory of the enclaves was fashionable, but now it seems to be losing the support even of General Gavin, who suggests a "moderate Republican" enclave at the White House, while emphatically denying that he is a possible candidate.

The self-appointed planners have some difficulty in suggesting how to establish communications with the enemy to achieve anything like peace in Vietnam. We must talk to the enemy. But how and where can he be reached? On this point, the broad consensus that used to make President Johnson happy still prevails: according to him as well as to his most obdurate opponents, the reluctant partners in peacemaking are in Hanoi. Ho Chi Minh is there, but there is no answer to all our entreaties, unless one calls an answer the taped repetition of the old peremptory order, "Get out." In vain, the self-appointed peacemakers suggest that they have a plan, but just need a bit of time. In vain, Lyndon Johnson has offered to go anywhere, on land or sea, to talk to the old man. About what? Among the rhetorical gestures our President has indulged in, this is one of the most futile and regrettable.

FOR TOO LONG, vapid talk has prevailed about the end of the cold war, relaxation of tension, national Communism as a vaccination against the Communist International, Titoism as a model of well-mannered Leninism. The lack of any factual substantiation does not matter—unless one takes seriously such things as the atmospheric test-ban treaty that the Soviet Union consented to after having completed its most advanced series of tests. A bloody clash was bound to occur, for a reconsideration of our relations with Communism had become imperative. It happened in Vietnam.

Our and our allies' soldiers are killed by Soviet weapons there—not just light infantry weapons but by long-range rockets, and an assortment of the most sophisticated weaponry. More powerful weapons of far greater killing power could be supplied by the Soviet Union were it not for the air and sea bombing of the North. Against our bombers, the North Vietnamese have their MIGs that, to use the trite MacArthur expression, can find "sanctuary" in China. The two Communist empires have proven how, in spite of their shrill discord and reciprocal abuse concerning, among other things, inadequate assistance to Hanoi, they still gallantly

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co-operate in doing harm to us. The Soviet Union stands only to gain from an indefinitely protracted war in Vietnam, as Governor Romney, an unexpected source of wisdom in these matters, said on October 25. Wisdom is a capricious bird. Professor Galbraith, too, had a point when he wrote recently in the New York *Times Magazine*: "To defend a war in which we cannot name the enemy is not easy." The same state of things prevailed during the Korean War. To the best of our recollection, Galbraith had no plan to end that war. At that time he was busy enough as our country's best economic writer.

WHAT is hard for most Americans to remember is that our differences with the Soviet Union are not likely to be resolved either by war or by peace. Ours is still the country which fought two world wars in order to reach once and forever a permanent, universal order. The Four Freedoms, America's goal in the last war, was to have given everyone, everywhere, rights to be cashed in on demand. The national leaders who solemnly swore to these principles were not hypocrites; they were good Americans—the best—representatives of a people for whom peace is the right and normal order of things.

For the Soviet leaders, which does not necessarily mean the Soviet peoples, the order of things to be attained in their country and everywhere must be achieved by laborious stages, one round after another, according to a methodology they call scientific. From time to time, somebody in our midst discovers that the men in the Kremlin are devout Marxists, believers in a somewhat abstruse but highly reasoned theory.

The notion of peaceful co-existence contributed the most to the good feeling toward the Soviet Union, China, and Communism at large among a large number of Americans. It was taken literally, and assumed to mean more or less peace and respect for each other's existence everywhere: status quo. It seemed to be tailored for Uncle Sam. Yet the Soviet leaders were admirably candid, as in the case of Khrushchev when he explained what he meant by peaceful co-existence: a status quo that required our guarantee of the existing level of Communist power, with built-in multipliers of accretion. This Khrushchev explained over and over again to a number of eminent Americans who happened to be the most persistent advocates of relaxation of tension. These men were a bit disturbed but were reassured by Khrushchev's invariable statement of his determination to expand Communism in all directions, using all means short of open warfare. Old Nikita must have sized up his interlocutors well.

His successors, on the occasion of the American engagement in Vietnam, followed the same line: they supplied the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong with all the weapons they could use and avoided any direct confrontation with us. Our country and the Soviet Union had been engaged on a few occasions in a sort of sample warfare, or war games. This was eminently the case with Korea and the Cuban missile crisis. On Berlin, we were locked with the Russians in a by now classical test of wills. In the first two cases something that could be called a return to the status quo ante was reached, at great cost to us. In Vietnam, our government has tried to prove that expansion through "wars of liberation" does not pay. But we did not know when that war got really serious, and perhaps we don't know even now, how the Communists' arsenal of weapons short of war has become enriched and diversified. We could not possibly have realized how they had mastered the technique of lying about our deeds and our intentions, and what a furious echo their lies could find in our own country.

It has become customary to hear teachers, men of God, communicators of news or opinion, divest themselves of the responsibilities of their calling. They can count on the applause of a mob, and happily allow themselves to be acclaimed its leaders. It would be maniacal to say that the frenzied youngsters or all those who have taken leave of their sense of responsibility act according to the dictates of Moscow. It has become fashionable lately to launch cries of alarm about the return of McCarthyism—which may be true only in the sense that a deficiency of character is once more affecting many decent people.

Moscow has every reason for looking at what is happening here with satisfaction. Recently, in a solemn speech celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the revolution, Leonid Brezhnev said: "Over the past decade the revolutionary process has assumed a truly worldwide scope. There is no area on the globe where the struggle for social and national liberation is not being unfolded in one form or other. Imperialism is being attacked from different directions. Even those positions which until quite recently seemed invulnerable have been shaken. Lenin's prediction that the most varied forces and movements would merge into a single stream in the struggle against capitalism is being realized."

BREZHNEV is right when he talks about positions being shaken that had seemed until recently invulnerable, and there can be no doubt about whom and what he had in mind. The quote from Lenin is appropriate too, though the merging forces are moving against our country and not just against that abstract entity called capitalism. There is no denying that the danger we are running is exceptionally great. In this era of war games as an avoidance of total conflagration, our country has fought in Vietnam a limited war conceived as a substitute for a preventive one. It may turn out to be the closest equivalent to a total war. If our institutional structure, if all the links between races, group interest, and national tradition snap under the stress of unchecked fury, then we are through.

Will it happen? I don't think it will, and I shall say later why and how.

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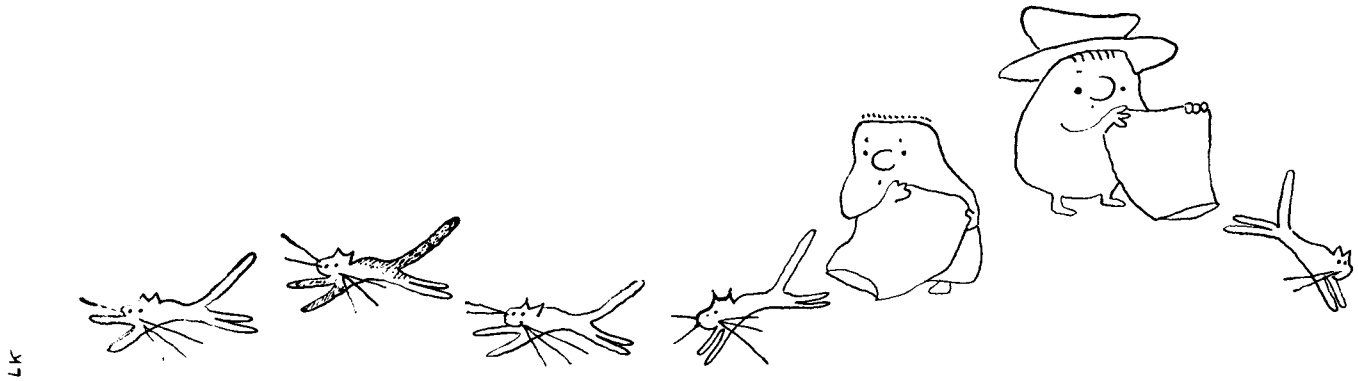

The Kiss and Tell Memoirs

MEG GREENFIELD

FROM 1961 to 1963, Roger Hilsman was director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, and for ten months after that he was the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. When Mr. Hilsman's memoir of those three years, *To Move a Nation,* came out a few months ago, it got mixed reviews. That is to say, the book reviewers liked it and Mr. Hilsman's former colleagues in government did not. Both were reacting to the same aspect of Mr. Hilsman's book: its extensive disclosure of information that the government had considered confidential.

In its way, *To Move a Nation* caps the trend to political indiscretion that has become ever more pronounced in the memoirs of the Kennedy years—a trend that has raised a number of questions we all find somewhat uncomfortable to discuss. How, for instance, are we to judge the merit of a book that is based largely on material to which we have no access? And what—to cite the point we most studiously avoid—are the proprieties and improprieties of all this secret-baring?

A COUPLE of years ago, when these books began to appear, there was some argument about them—especially about the early installments of Arthur Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days.* However, as luck would have it, we soon bogged down in a debate about secrecy, and privacy, and history, and the CIA, and the Manchester book, and whether or not the White House nanny broke the faith—and it was all very passionate but quite inconclusive. What did emerge was the fact that many people did not think of secrecy and openness as neutral conditions, which could be either helpful or harmful to our larger democratic purposes. Rather, they regarded secrecy as being in itself and at all times inimical to those purposes—a view that overlooks, among many other things, our attitude toward the ballot box and the sentiments we were expressing not so very long ago when Adlai Stevenson was publicly attacked for the private counsel he gave during the Cuban missile crisis. At that time, it was the consensus that a democracy could hardly function so long as advisers to the President faced the possibility that bits and pieces of their confidential conversations would be disclosed and used against them.

Maybe the case was overstated then; we are rarely calm on this subject. But certainly any accounting of the price we may pay for piercing too many veils must include this chance that public officials, who after all cannot respond in kind, will be unjustly treated, and that there will be a subsequent erosion of what confidence and frankness exist inside government. The principle—and the risk—apply to our foreign relations as well. Apparently many governments do not consider the substance of their private talks with us fit subject matter for the next season's best-sellers. Like Pierre Salinger in *With Kennedy,* for instance, former Ambassador to Kenya William Attwood, in a memoir called *The Reds and the Blacks,* was relatively restrained concerning people at their desks in Washington. However, Mr. Attwood freely reproduced the details of his discussions with members of Jomo Kenyatta's government, in consequence of which our present ambassador has scarcely been able to get the time of day in Nairobi for the year that he has been there, although he went so far as publicly to pledge that he would not betray the confidences of the Kenyatta government in a book or otherwise.

Just as these twin considerations of possible damage to individuals and to official relationships have been treated differently by the memoirists, so there are differences too in their approach to a final consideration, that of divulging classified material. On the whole, in the three principal memoirs the movement has been onward and upward. In *Kennedy,* Theodore C. Sorensen is more allusive than direct when he is talking about material that has not been declassified, and he tends to quote advisers without identifying them. Usually we can guess who they are, however, and if not, we can always go look them up in Mr. Schlesinger, whose own more copious

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revelations have in turn been expanded upon by Mr. Hilsman.

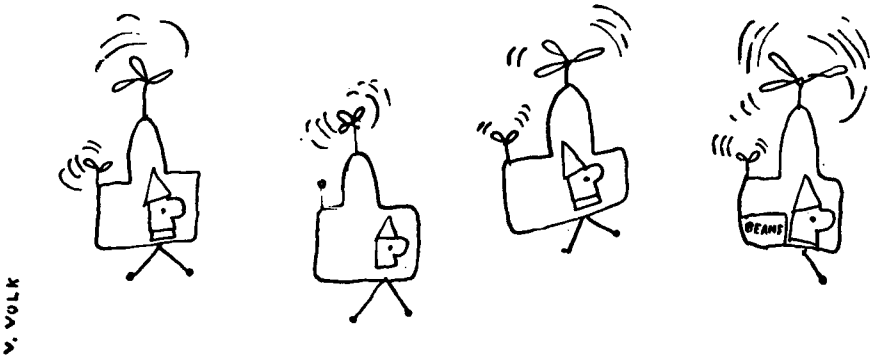
Not that *To Move a Nation* or *A Thousand Days* furnishes bomb plans or other exotica people think of as classified information. What they furnish are insights of another kind—detailed rehearsals of how we meant to fight if we had to in Laos and elsewhere, what the considerations were for or against some venture, what we were afraid of, what our resources and our limitations were, who argued which way and why. Doubtless, as Mr. Hilsman has contended and as anyone in Washington would verify, government tends to classify too much information and to do so frequently on unimpressive grounds. But few would regard these excesses as justifying a policy of unilateral, random disclosure on the part of persons who have newly left government. Cumulatively—as a source of intelligence corroboration—and in its useful particulars, much of this material deserved its obscure fate.

Now, the interesting thing about all these reservations is that they can be turned exactly on their head and transformed into an *a fortiori* argument. This is especially true with respect to Mr. Hilsman's book, which, more explicitly than the others, constitutes a protest against current policy. What better or more urgent time than now to unmask people and practices Mr. Hilsman believes are endangering us? We were, after all, very grateful a few years ago when Generals Gavin and Taylor and Ridgway came forward to expose the perils of prevailing military strategy. The *a fortiori* argument of course does not apply to the memoirists' other stated intention, that of rendering a service to history. But history—even somewhat precipitately written—has its claims. And in any event, whichever of these motivations is foremost, the circumstances under which these books were written would dictate that they meet the same set of criteria: that the history at a minimum be accurate, that the assessments be reasonably fair, and that the disclosures be made for some recognizably serious purpose. In other words, we are saying nothing more confining to Mr. Hilsman than, Go ahead, have at it—but when you pull away that arras we shall expect to find something of more consequence there than the remains of Polonius.

Central Casting

At best, the traditional form of the Washington memoir works to undermine its accuracy. Plot, dialogue, and poignant characterization have long been requisite features of our memoirs, and although this genre has been pleasantly named "history as literature," it sometimes reads more like literature as history, the re-creation of events being less in the mode of Barbara Tuchman than of Thomas B. Costain. Any reporter can tell you, for example, how hard it is to recall even a brief quotation word for word after an interview, and the fact that certain memoirists repaired to their diaries in the evening is not even mildly reassuring in view of the extensive verbatim exchanges they have produced.

This much slippage is traditional. But where the new authors have gone uncommonly far is in their literary delineation of character and of the drama that flows from it. With a few crucial exceptions, Mr. Hilsman's schematic breakdown of



good guys and bad guys follows that first made current by Mr. Schlesinger. Indeed, by now these nutshell appraisals of the bumbling Joint Chiefs, the brilliant White House aides, and so on have become so familiar that we can respond to these books much in the fashion of a gathering of the medieval illiterate outside the cathedral at York: instantly we see the one who resembles Dean Rusk, we know that he never took a stand, or if he did, he never let on what it was.

Mr. Hilsman goes along with just about all of this, including the usual brief and formal nod to the virtues of all concerned. But he alters the script drastically in his unfriendly portrayal of Secretary McNamara, with whom he had numerous squabbles during the last few months of the Kennedy administration. At least as often as he tells us that nobody ever knew what Dean Rusk was thinking, which is about seven times, he reminds us that Secretary McNamara has an improvident hang-up on statistics, offering as well a string of anecdotes that invariably make the Secretary look something of a fool. In literary terms, Mr. Hilsman's book also differs from the others in the picture it presents of dramatic conflict within government between such opposing forces, for example, as bureaucrats and activists, a progressive administration and a reactionary Congress, hard-liners and soft-liners, NATO supporters and friends of the underdeveloped nations. These conflicts, which were somewhat simply construed in the earlier works, have been reduced to even starker terms by Mr. Hilsman, who has also enhanced the tension surrounding them. His book abounds in "struggles" and "battles," in "confrontations" between the "New Emerging Forces," as he says, and the "Old Established Forces."

SUSTAINING his vision of life in Washington as a series of hideous intrigues between one-dimensional personalities has required a certain amount of selectivity on Mr. Hilsman's part, and also a willingness to call a rose or an onion by another name from time to time. These are the ordinary tools of dramatic memoir writing, but they do tend to serve drama at the expense of history. For example, after an avowal of respect

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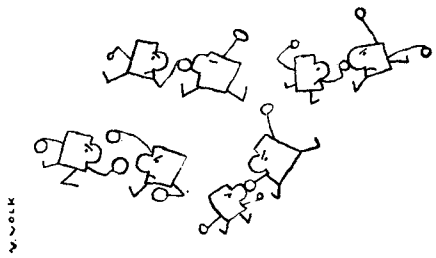
for the CIA, it and the Pentagon turned up as heavies in nearly every episode. Once in a while, however, vexing as it can be, someone at one of those institutions does something well, but there is no guarantee that we shall hear about it from Mr. Hilsman. His chapters relating to the intelligence work that led to the discovery of medium-range missiles in Cuba produce the impression that Mr. Hilsman was in advance of the CIA in suspecting the worst, when by all accounts it was the other way round, especially so far as the role of Director John McCone was concerned. Elsewhere we can read how Mr. McCone was uniquely alert to the possibility, how he sent numerous cables from abroad questioning the complacency of intelligence estimates, and how others in government later freely conceded that, unlike Mr. McCone, they had been misled by their own certainty that the Russians would stop short of this act. Mr. Hilsman, on the other hand, concedes nothing, alluding to only a single telegram which "it transpired" had been sent, and pointing out in this connection that Mr. McCone often played devil's advocate with his estimators so that no one could even be sure that he had doubts.

He is equally chary of letting the Pentagon step out of character in the person of Colonel John Ralph Wright, Jr., of the Defense Intelligence Agency. In the aftermath of the crisis, Colonel Wright was decorated for "single-handedly analyzing a series of intelligence reports . . . and, by this analysis, pinpointing the location of the first medium-range ballistic missiles deployed by the USSR. . . ." His analysis, the citation continued, "led him to recommend for immediate coverage . . . the exact location which was photographed on 14th October, 1962, and revealed the existence of those missiles in Cuba." Mr. Hilsman, in a footnote, acknowledges merely that Colonel Wright got "credit" for having surmised the location first, asserting in the body of his text that it was, in any case, "perfectly obvious."

Who's Who?

If we want to see how much art may have distorted life in these books, one way is to cross-check them with each other. The results are odd. For instance, the outcome of one of Mr. Hilsman's new-and-old-forces battles is thrown into doubt. It concerns a proposed course of U.S. military action against the troops of Moïse Tshombe in 1962, and both Mr. Hilsman and Mr. Schlesinger suggest a degree of Presidential favor for such action that is hard to square with Mr. Sorensen's description of a "skeptical" President more or less sidetracking it. Specifically, Mr. Schlesinger relates that by the end of the year the President "had already decided to lend American fighter planes to the U.N. force if they were requested." Just as specifically Mr. Sorensen informs us that he did not reach any decision whatever on this matter. And he cannot resist commenting: "The most startling feature of this startling proposal was its backing. . . . It struck me, in the aftermath of the Cuban success of



some two months earlier, as evidence of a desire by the peacelovers to show their belief in military solutions, too."

There is also some confusion on the one subject about which everyone agrees: the State Department bureaucracy's obstructive tendencies and its capacity for occupying itself with idle concerns. Here, probably even the Secretary would agree with them, but it is by no means certain that the source of their annoyance was the one they thought it was. Half the time, Mr. Schlesinger appears to be castigating the State Department bureaucracy for something Mr. Hilsman claims as one of his own personal anti-bureaucratic breakthroughs, and conceivably a thesis will be written some day demonstrating that they were all obstructing each other. As the reader of *To Move a Nation* well knows, it took the prolonged combined efforts of Mr. Hilsman and the President to overcome the bureaucracy's hostility to the virtues of guerrilla warfare, although the President finally "pushed the State Department into establishing a special 'counterinsurgency' course of instruction which everyone who was going to the vulnerable underdeveloped countries had to attend." To Ambassador Attwood, however, preparing to leave Washington for Kenya, it looked awfully much like business as usual. ". . . I had more calls to make around the Washington bureaucratic circuit," he complains. "Furthermore, I had to put in two weeks' attendance at a new interagency counterinsurgency school, the purpose of which I never understood."

The Diemonologists

Naturally, what the President thought about counterinsurgency and the proper U.S. role in Katanga is of importance. But it is nowhere near as important as trying to get straight his actions and reactions—and those of his government—in relation to the overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem and to the worsening situation in South Vietnam shortly before President Kennedy was killed. This was the time of special tension between Secretary McNamara and Mr. Hilsman, whose general lack of affection for each other was profoundly deepened by Mr. Hilsman's part in encouraging the generals' coup against Diem. In fact there *was* a lot of tugging and hauling in Washington at the time, but Mr. Hilsman appears to have permitted the drama of events to run away with him occasionally.

"The White House staff," he says in discussing a proposed Presidential statement on television in the midst of the crisis, "sensitive to the struggle within the Administration and the widening rift, prepared a proposed response that was as innocuous as possible—and so tended to favor the military's view to go along with Diem. But the President tossed it aside and bit the bullet." He goes on to cite the President's remarks, which would indeed seem evidence that he had fully acquiesced in Mr. Hilsman's policy and bit the bullet, were it not for Mr. Salinger, who innocently chances to discuss the same television program in a chapter on the

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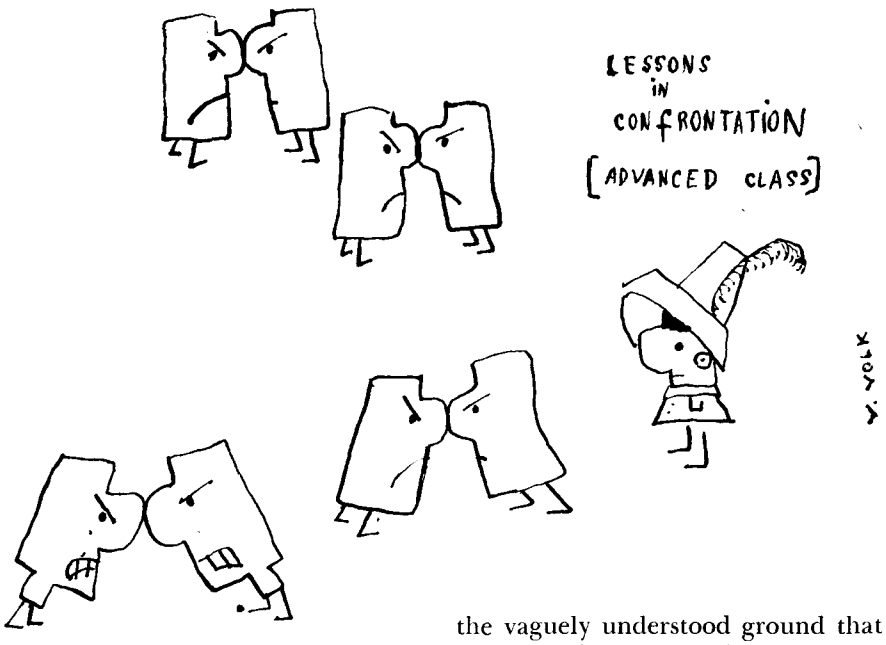
complexities of dealing with the press. "CBS shot half an hour of questions and answers," Mr. Salinger relates, "mostly on Vietnam, but cut the footage to twelve minutes for actual broadcast. . . . In the actual interview, which was filmed, President Kennedy spoke of his respect and sympathy for the problems of President Diem. When the film was shown . . . only the unfavorable Presidential remarks remained, and JFK's praise of Diem had been deleted."

To be sure, Mr. Hilsman is capable of tripping up others too. He participated in drafting the famous cable of August 24 to Ambassador Lodge, which directed that encouragement be given to the disaffected generals. Many persons—the President, Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, CIA Director McCone—were out of town that day, and whether or not this cable was properly cleared is still a matter of sore dispute in Washington. Understandably, Mr. Hilsman, who was criticized as the prime mover in the affair, is at pains to prove that he went through channels. "There was no problem so far as the President and Rusk were concerned," he says. ". . . Both were sent early drafts of the cable and through several telephone conversations both participated in the revisions. Rusk, for example, added an important provision for continuing to furnish the Vietnamese war supplies . . ." It is equally understandable that Mr. Schlesinger, who was less familiar with these events than Mr. Hilsman, should not know who was reached and who was not. But we could have hoped he would resist the temptation presented by his misapprehension of what happened. "McNamara, if he had been consulted, would have opposed it," Mr. Schlesinger declares, "So also would McCone." And then, inevitably: "No one is sure what Rusk's position would have been."

A Limited Omnipresence

It is a custom, which these authors have followed, to acknowledge at the outset that their view of events was necessarily incomplete and that their appraisal of them is apt to reflect this fact. There is nothing unusual about that, and we would



be unfair to make no allowance for differences in their texts that proceed merely from their different vantage points. What distinguishes Mr. Hilsman and some of his colleagues in this matter is that they tell their stories in a way that tends to obliterate all memory of their earlier modest disclaimers. Especially in Mr. Hilsman's book, we are under the constant impression that (a) the account being unfolded is a reasonably complete one and (b) Mr. Hilsman was present. Neither is always a safe assumption to make. But Mr. Hilsman has, nevertheless, been established in the minds of many as an authority on all manner of subjects with which he was only peripherally connected in government.

This distinction between firsthand and secondhand testimony is of some importance. It goes back to the point of good faith. Are we reading history or gossip? If the author stood somewhat outside the event, has he let us take this fact into account—or done so himself? Is there evidence that (as a historian) he has made some effort to fill in fairly those parts of the story he knew he had missed? Or has he taken advantage of the ingenuousness of a public that can hardly be expected to realize that he speaks with different degrees of authority on different subjects—a public that is already inclined to invest any insider with broad oracular powers on the vaguely understood ground that he was "there"? For instance, you would not judge from his vivid narration that Mr. Hilsman was not a member of the Executive Committee that planned the blockade of Cuba in 1962. In fact there is just about nothing in his account of those tense days that we have not read somewhere else before—only minus the confusion as to whether the author was in on it or not, and plus a good deal more charity for Secretary McNamara.

From October 15, when the presence of the missiles was ascertained, until October 28, the Secretary of Defense was intimately involved in the deliberations that ended in the decision for a blockade and also in the planning and execution of it. Except for a routine reference to his arrival at one meeting, we catch sight of him only three times in the chapters in Mr. Hilsman's book that cover this period. Once he is formulating language—the word "options"—for the consensus that had developed for a blockade. Once he is being sassed by Admiral George W. Anderson in an ugly little quarrel over what the Admiral took to be his meddlesomeness in the Navy's affairs. All the other references are to the same ill-considered remark he made at an early meeting, to the effect that a "missile is a missile" and that these weapons did not substantially increase the danger to which we already were exposed. There is no effort whatever on Mr. Hilsman's part to

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document when and how the Secretary's initial reaction was altered, or to characterize this statement, as has been done elsewhere, as part of the initial and eventually reversed thinking aloud that went on in private during the first few days. The statement also appears on the jacket of Mr. Hilsman's book as an example of his exclusive inside information.

As director of the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, Mr. Hilsman did sit in on the meetings of the U.S. Intelligence Board during the period, and there is no question that he was involved at first hand in intelligence affairs. It is in this area that he has made use of confidential material, such as recapitulations of the thinking that went on in his bureau and elsewhere and of the reasons that lay behind it. Invariably it demonstrates that, as distinct from others, Mr. Hilsman was either right about something or —just as important—right to be wrong about it at the time. The axiom holds good for the disclosures he has made concerning his later role in Vietnamese policy too, and it goes to the heart of the matter of Mr. Hilsman's accuracy, fairness, and ultimate purpose.

When he was in government, Mr. Hilsman was a dedicated supporter of the strategic-hamlet program, and for a while in 1962 and 1963, he thought that it—and even the war—were going relatively well. That and the circumstances leading up to the overthrow of Diem are the two topics in relation to which he is eager to explain his role and willing to spill the beans required to do so. Thus we are provided with oddments of classified documents, accounts of confidential conversations, and so on, which show us why it was possible to be somewhat hopeful in 1962 and early 1963, how the strategic-hamlet program and the companion counter-guerrilla effort were undermined by the obtuseness of our own military and the depredations of Ngo Dinh Nhu, and what logic prompted all of Mr. Hilsman's actions in the matter of the prospective Saigon coup.

No one without access to the material Mr. Hilsman has in hand (or in mind) can say for a fact whether he has put it to fair use. But there are certain things that we can notice without benefit of a security clearance. One is that Mr. Hilsman is uniquely well treated in his own book on this score. Far from violating confidences conceivably to explain someone else's error or seemingly senseless view, Mr. Hilsman fails to give those persons of whom he disapproves the courtesy of any explanation at all. It is true and not news that Secretary McNamara was unwarrantedly optimistic about the course of the war in 1962 and 1963. But he dances through these pages throwing misguided thoughts around like wilted flowers, and just once we could expect that in addition to the damaging quotation, Mr. Hilsman could supply a line or two by way of saying what might have been behind the Secretary's thinking. We notice more: in his eagerness to demonstrate the providence of his own actions, Mr. Hilsman has rather simplified things. Could the strategic-hamlet program ever have really worked? Despite the brutal events that preceded it, did the removal of Diem turn out to be an unmixed blessing? In any case, did it not mark the collapse of a policy pursued for over two years by the Kennedy administration, creating at least as much political instability as it cured in South Vietnam? And who reaped the whirlwind?

Revised Text

President Kennedy, Mr. Schlesinger has told us, "used to mutter from time to time about our 'overcommitment' in South East Asia," but felt "[he] had no choice now but to work within the situation he had inherited." Mr. Hilsman follows Mr. Schlesinger's usage: "President Kennedy grumbled occasionally about the United States being 'overcommitted' in Vietnam and South East Asia, but he could not go back on the commitments already made." The commitments made in South Vietnam by the Eisenhower administration were minuscule in comparison with those undertaken by the Kennedy administration, and the situation President Johnson inherited was incomparably worse than that which faced his predecessor. If he could be criticized for anything in his response to it, it would be for delaying for a full year his decision as to whether to stay in or to get out, while he pursued what was left of current policy and while political and military conditions both disintegrated further.

None of this, it must be said, comports with Mr. Hilsman's account of either President Johnson's role or his predilections. Far from acknowledging President Johnson's inheritance, Mr. Hilsman sets out to implicate him (in his Vice Presidential role) in the enlargement of the war, while extricating President Kennedy from the same phenomenon. Needless to say, this takes some doing, and all of Mr. Hilsman's literary techniques are brought into play.

Consider his rendition of the Vice President's recommendations when he returned from a trip to Saigon in 1961, and their relation to the suggestion of General Maxwell Taylor the same year that in addition to training missions, ten thousand U.S. ground troops be deployed in Vietnam. The general foresaw these troops as possibly reaching six divisions in time. Mr. Hilsman tells us that Vice President Johnson had already advocated "essentially the same large-scale American commitment," and thus he presents us as early as 1961 with something he calls the "Taylor-Johnson policy." Indeed, his revelation of this hitherto unknown fact was made much of by the book reviewers—especially by the *New York Review of Books*, which quoted it directly as evidence that Mr. Johnson belonged to a group that "constantly urged" a troop deployment from 1961 on. In all the excitement, however, no one seemed to notice that Mr. Hilsman had merely made an assertion but that he had not described the Vice President's actual recommendations, while Mr. Schlesinger in fact had. They seem an odd way to urge the deployment of troops: "The Vice President did not envisage the commitment of American troops beyond training missions," Mr. Schlesinger has written. "American combat involvement at this time, he said, was not only unnecessary but undesirable because it would revive anti-colonial emotions throughout Asia."

Mr. Hilsman's characterization of President Kennedy's reaction to the "Taylor-Johnson" policy of 1961 is equally worth noting. "In an inter-

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esting example of one type of gambit in the politics of Washington policy-making," he remarks, "the President avoided a direct 'no' to the proposal for introducing troops to Vietnam. He merely let the decision slide, at the same time ordering the government to set in motion all the preparatory steps for introducing troops." Further along in his book, the reader may notice, Mr. Hilsman refers to the time, shortly after President Johnson came to office, when some people in government started to urge the bombing of installations in North Vietnam. The President's reaction, as described by Mr. Hilsman, was parallel in every respect to that of President Kennedy. He stalled off the decision and directed that preparatory studies be made. In Mr. Hilsman's opinion this maneuver was neither interesting nor a gambit, however. It was evidence enough to suggest that a year before the bombing began, and despite a host of statements in between times that would clearly come back to embarrass him, the President was already committed to this course of action.

The Scholarly Approach

Here we have reached the most serious charge in Mr. Hilsman's book. It underlies his whole protest, and it goes like this: In the first few weeks after President Johnson's accession to office, there was a sudden and overwhelming intensification of pressure within government to increase our military effort in Vietnam and specifically to undertake the bombing. Mr. Hilsman—the account goes on—argued forcefully against such actions, but aware by mid-January of 1964 that the argument had been lost, he resigned his post to preserve his "voice as a private citizen." This unique version of events has quite naturally been seized upon by the administration's critics as an insider's testimony that the decision to bomb was not merely taken on the basis of flimsy evidence of Hanoi's increased activity in the war, but on the basis of no evidence whatever—the implication being that the decision was then cynically set aside for thirteen months until it could be applied without political inconvenience. Even Mr. Hilsman's onetime allies and sponsors in government, however, own that they do not remember the intensification of pressure to which he refers, much less any decision that came out of it. On the contrary, they assert that it would be hard to think of a time more important to be present for those who wished to argue for or against new military measures than the year that followed Mr. Hilsman's departure—since, despite his claim, policy hadn't yet changed but was about to become the subject of prolonged and enormously important debate. Mr. Hilsman has already backtracked somewhat on his charges. When a television interviewer challenged his statement that even by the time the bombing began in 1965 there had been no infiltration whatever of regular North Vietnamese units into the South, he revised his position—explaining his earlier errors this way: "Now all of this happened after I left the administration. I am in the role of a scholar, looking at public documents here."

UNFORTUNATELY, what we think of as the apparatus of scholarship appears in Mr. Hilsman's book only where it is needed least. As a political scientist, he has troubled to footnote the source of even his most unexceptional thoughts ("There is a deeply idealistic conviction in the Washington press corps that they have a duty to inform the wider public of what the government is doing[5]"). But we are given little to go on by way of corroborating either his charges against others or the notion—more often implied than explained—that he proposed a course of action over the years that could be characterized as "political" rather than "military," that would have brought us to a better turn in Vietnam, and that was in any event rejected. For instance, we never find out what it was he had in mind to follow the overthrow of Diem except that "like Egypt, Vietnam would find her Nasser the second time around—or the third—or the fourth."

Although Mr. Hilsman has been hailed by many like-minded reviewers for his peaceable leanings on Vietnam, it is by no means obvious from his record in government or from his public statements (including some in this book) that their enthusiasm is entirely well placed. Variously, we find him in favor of any number of controversial military actions, only under different circumstances or at some other time—ground troops to be deployed if North Vietnamese infiltration increases, for instance; the use of defoliants at "a much, much later stage." Indeed, for all that he has sought to demonstrate in his 1967 book the self-evident futility of bombing the North and the folly of those who could have thought otherwise, in September of 1964—before the bombing began—he told an interviewer for *Newsweek* that at the appropriate moment it might hasten North Vietnam to the bargaining table. "I would threaten to bomb North Vietnamese installations that exist solely to support the Vietcong guerrillas," he said. "But I would couple this with an offer to call off the fighting," adding: "The quid pro quo? Hanoi doesn't have any rice and Saigon has loads of rice. . . ." In short, Mr. Hilsman's record has been just about as confused and accident-prone on this subject as everybody else's. Only no one—in the name of history, democracy, or political science—chose to discredit it on the basis of selective and uncheckable indiscretions.

IN HIS introduction to *Kennedy*, Mr. Sorensen notes that the President did not have much faith in the reliability of government memoirs. Mr. Sorensen also recalls: "He thought that Emmet Hughes, a part-time speech-writer for Eisenhower, had betrayed the trust of Republican officials by quoting their private conversations against them. 'I hope,' said Kennedy, 'that no one around here is writing that kind of book.' "

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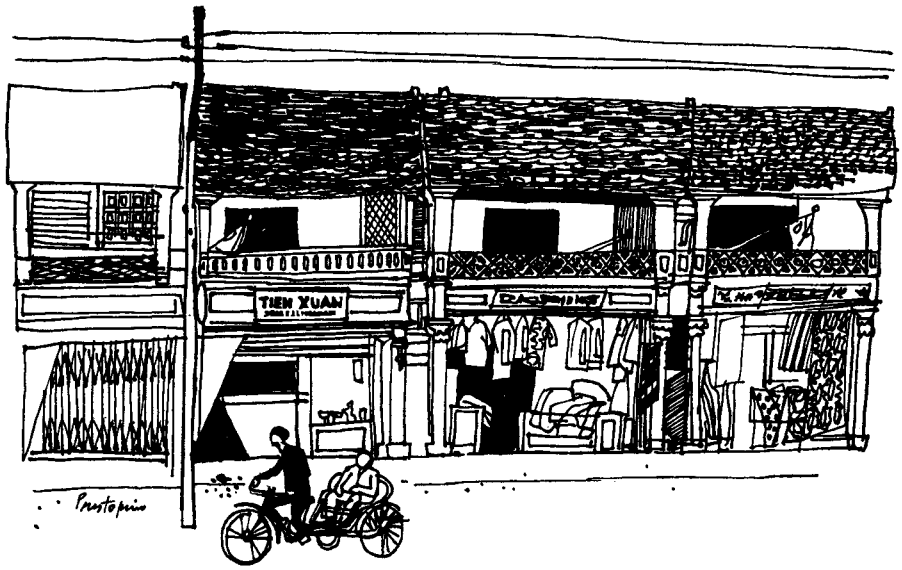

Ho's Underground In South Vietnam

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO I flew from Saigon to Hanoi on the last Air Vietnam flight between the two cities. The plane was crowded with silent passengers going from the South to live under the rule of the victorious Ho Chi Minh and his Communist régime. A German photographer, busy with his Leica, got shielded faces when he tried for close-ups. There were both rich and poor aboard. A couple of gnarled peasants were making what may well have been their first flight. Across the aisle from me was a good-looking girl in her early twenties, obviously well-to-do, with a diamond ring on one of the fingers of her right hand and a smart leather vanity case. She wore long white satin trousers and a close-fitting silk smock. She might have been the daughter of a rich merchant or top-ranking government official. Throughout the journey she did not utter a word. When the hostess offered her a glass of lemonade and a ham sandwich, she merely shook her head and continued to gaze out the window.

It was, without doubt, one of the bleakest journeys I have ever made. We came down in the late afternoon on Gia-lam Airfield. Only six months earlier it had been the busiest in the world, with scores of transport planes lined up to run supplies to Dien Bien Phu and the Red River Delta fronts. Now the grass in front of the customs office was feet high and all the officials and all the planes had gone. We rattled into Hanoi in the airline bus, across the Doumer Bridge spanning the Red River, its guards and guns vanished and its barbed-wire defenses rusted and overgrown with weeds, then through empty streets to the airline office. There my fellow passengers took their bags and their baskets of fruit and food and silently went off into the dusk, their decisions not only made but now all but irrevocable.

Those were days of surprise. Two Vietnamese officers of middle rank with whom I was on amiable terms suddenly revealed themselves as committed to the Vietminh. Another friend, who had worked as a member of the central committee of the Hanoi Journalists' Association, elected to go South but was accompanied by only one of his twelve colleagues. At the final committee meeting the chairman had asked him to remain behind. "We know you're a good man," said the chairman, "and because we would like you to stay we have a special invitation for you from Ho himself." My friend was astonished. Several of the twelve had worked as his subordinates. He had found them loyal and trustworthy and apparently resolutely opposed to the Vietminh. All but one, however, had been secret members of the Communist apparatus, with orders not to show their allegiance until the propitious moment, which had now arrived.

Here, There, Everywhere

The extent to which the National Liberation Front has succeeded in penetrating Saigon in a similar way has disturbed both Vietnamese and American officials here ever since a high-ranking Front propagandist defected two years ago from the Gia Dinh area with alarming accounts of the leakage of secret material from almost all levels, both civilian and military, to the Vietcong.

Documents captured subsequently by major operations in the Maquis D and the Iron Triangle, once secure Vietcong bases close to Saigon, have added significant organizational detail to reports by defectors and prisoners. It is now known, for instance, that there are four separate support groups specializing in intelligence and counterintelligence, supply, medical supply, and assassination, operating on behalf of the Central Office for South Vietnam with tentacles in Saigon. Other groups, about which little is known despite a number of arrests, operate on what might broadly be described as the cultural level. Finally, constant efforts are made to penetrate and control religious groups, students, organized labor, business, and political organizations.

The four support groups are identified by the code numbers 81, 82, 83, and 86. Group 81 has its headquarters at Bien Hoa near the major U.S. airbase outside Saigon; 82 and 83 are at Tay Ninh, west of Saigon and close to the Cambodian border;

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Ben Cat, north of Saigon on the edge of the Maquis D, is headquarters for 86. Each group is led by a senior official of the party and has four main offices. These are a medical office, usually headed by a doctor; a supply office; an office for dealing with military equipment; and a security and political section. Under these groups are a number of suboffices responsible for supply, reception centers, and warehouse facilities. In each case, there is one office to deal with Saigon.

The chief of the Saigon section carries the title of supply officer. His three principal subordinates are listed as medical, liaison, and transportation assistants. Under these are the rank and file of the organizations.

In recent months, the government has had considerable success in attacking the Saigon components. With the arrest of the Saigon chief of Group 81 in July, the government also succeeded in cracking the group's principal source of finance, an organization of three-wheeled transport scooters and a bus line operating between Saigon and outlying areas. Group 82 has also been harried, and some of the Saigon leaders have been arrested. The most significant success, however, has been with Group 83. Documents captured in the field led to the arrest of its entire Saigon apparatus.

With Group 86 the government has been much less successful. Three minor members have been arrested, but the government still knows nothing of the more senior members, including their names and aliases.

Among the cultural groups, it has picked up various individuals but has made nothing like a breakthrough. Nor is a breakthrough likely until government agents have succeeded not merely in penetrating the Front but in establishing themselves in the hierarchy of the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP), a formidable and perhaps even impossible task.

FEW ORGANIZATIONS have matched the skills of the Front in maintaining internal security. Its patience and deviousness are astonishing, even by clandestine Vietnamese standards. By ensuring that the links in the chain of operations are self-contained entities with only the vaguest knowledge of their fellow links, the system maintains organizational strength and immunity. The danger of the weakest link's breaking down and revealing all is eliminated, since the links are not privy to collective secrets and often know their immediate contacts only by code numbers. Moreover, the party "invests" in its members and adopts the most ambivalent stratagems to preserve their disguise.

The case of Ky Ninh, the forty-two-year-old secretary-general of the South Vietnamese Journalists' Association, provides a remarkable example of this. Though the police were known to be suspicious of Ky Ninh as the result of captured documents, his friends and associates refused to believe that he had any links with the Vietcong. Last July, Phan Khac Suu, as chairman of the National Assembly, invited him to his office to congratulate him on his efforts in drafting a new press code. In August, he was arrested.

Ky Ninh (whose real name is Tran Ngoc Binh) wrote fiction in 1956 for a newspaper then partly owned by Nguyen Van Hieu, now the National Liberation Front's representative in Belgrade, and served for a short time in the Vanguard Youth movement. Otherwise his career seemed free of any Communist connections. In 1957, when Dr. Phan Quang Dan helped launch *Thoi Luan*, a successful weekly newspaper with a strongly nationalistic and anti-Communist bias, Ky Ninh contributed numerous articles for which he asked no payment. But the Ngo Dinh Diem régime tolerated no opposition, however loyal, and the paper was closed down by the government. Ky Ninh then worked for two weeklies controlled by the late Ngo Dinh Nhu, the supreme counselor to Diem. Nhu had started the papers with the object of winning over Communist sympathizers, and the articles often took a progressive approach to social and political problems. In 1962, however, Nhu, whose own devious tactics rivaled—and were partly based on—those of the Communists, tired of the experiment and the papers went out of business.

After the 1963 coup d'état against President Diem, *Thoi Luan* again appeared on the streets and Ky Ninh joined its staff. By this time he was regarded as a journalist of stature and integrity. His election as secretary-general of the Journalists' Association seemed a natural reward for diligence and patient work, and no one was surprised when a private U.S. organization financed his trip to West Germany to attend an International Press Institute conference.

Baiting the Hook

Not long after Ky Ninh had returned from Europe, a young man called to see him in his office at *Thoi Luan*. The visitor introduced himself as Sau Den ("Six Black"), a typical Vietcong alias—almost every male Vietcong agent seems to be white or black and numbered. According to his own account, Ky Ninh was unsuspecting. Sau Den said he was a journalist and pressed Ky Ninh to struggle harder for journalists' rights and conditions. Since there were more than a hundred daily and weekly newspapers in Saigon, Ky Ninh accepted him without question. His ideas seemed sound. He wanted training courses for journalists and guarantees of press freedom. Ky Ninh valued his advice and accepted it freely. Not until much later did Sau Den reveal that he was the Vietcong man in charge of propaganda in the Saigon-Gia Dinh special sector.

While Ky Ninh was moving into the Communist embrace, professionally he appeared to be moving in the opposite direction. With Sau Den's promise of financial support, he left *Thoi Luan* to run *Dan Chu*, a vigorously anti-Communist and pro-

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Buddhist newspaper that was on the verge of closing down for lack of funds. Sau Den put Ky Ninh in touch with Le Phan, a bookstore owner in Saigon, who agreed to contribute 300,000 piastres (about $1,700) to salvage *Dan Chu*. Sau Den provided another 200,000. Ky Ninh was hooked.

At his teahouse meetings with Ky Ninh, Sau Den revealed his party membership and began to give orders. He told Ky Ninh to organize a training course to explain the Front's policy and how it could be applied in newspaper work. "Sau said that the Front was leading the people in the struggle against the United States and the Saigon government," Ky wrote in a statement after his arrest. "He said the aim was independence, democracy, neutralism, peace, and national unification. He said the Front regarded the commercial and peasant classes as the basis of its strength, but wanted all progressive patriotic elements to join it. The policy was to be realized after the defeat of the United States and negotiations for a ceasefire in the South. After that, a coalition government was to be formed in the South."

In December, 1966, Ky Ninh became a Communist cadreman. Despite the injection of new finances, however, *Dan Chu* did not prosper. Its circulation declined. Sau Den blamed government censorship and instructed Ky Ninh to increase the fiction content. He also told him to form a co-operative to control the paper, naming several members of the staff who would join. To Ky Ninh's astonishment, his reporters not only agreed but produced the money. A committee of six took control. With the exception of the publisher, all were members of the Front. With Sau Den making the major editorial decisions, *Dan Chu* continued its attempts to build circulation and to establish its popularity against the day when it could drop its disguise and emerge as the Front's standard-bearer in Saigon. The arrest of Ky Ninh and his fellow workers brought this enterprise to a close. Sau Den escaped the net.

Not all Front press activities are so subtle. *Than Chung*, the biggest, most popular, and best written of the Vietnamese newspapers before the government closed it down in September, almost seemed to provide an open forum for the Front. *Lotus in the Sea of Fire*, a book printed in Paris that praises the Front and attacks the United States, was reprinted secretly in the An Quang Pagoda by Thich Tri Quang and distributed with a Paris imprint. It sold very well after *Than Chung* published a long and favorable review. And last spring, *Than Chung* printed no less than ten articles about *The White Stork*, which it described as the best play ever written about Vietnam. The play was performed in the highly popular Vietnamese traditional theatre. Its well-known author, Thu An, was arrested in June as chief of the propaganda section of the Front in Saigon-Cholon. "It is difficult to say whether the Front actually controlled *Than Chung*," a well-informed Vietnamese newspaperman said, "but it is hard to believe that the Front did not profit from it."

The Buddhist newspaper *Chanh Dao*, which is owned by the monk Ho Giac, is no less suspect. Viet Quang, its chief editor, and his wife, a pharmacist, were both arrested in 1956 and charged with being members of the Vietcong control organization led by Nguyen Van Hieu. Both protested their innocence, but after her release the wife fled to the maquis and became chairman of the women's committee of the National Liberation Front. Proof is impossible to produce, of course, but many anti-Communist Buddhists believe that the paper is supported by the Front.

Tri Quang's Front affiliations have never been proved either. It is interesting but not even circumstantial evidence that Thich Huyen Quang, secretary-general of Tri Quang's An Quang Pagoda Institute, is believed by other Buddhists to have Front connections, and that Thich Thien Hoa, chairman of the An Quang Institute, travels freely to and from his native village, which is in an area controlled by the Front.

The World Within

Along with the press and the Buddhists, the students have long been a primary target for penetration. At least two of the student leaders in the Buddhist Struggle Movement in Hué last year were all but openly with the Vietcong and, according to official Vietnamese sources, have now joined the guerrilla forces in the field. Another student leader, who is said to have given the orders to burn the USIS library in Hué, is reported to be living underground in Saigon under the personal protection of Tri Quang. The Front has cells in all schools in Saigon. The students' committee, which controls some sixty thousand activists, has among its executives one youth who was arrested in 1965 under suspicion of working with the Vietcong.

Of the three major trade-union organizations, the largest and the smallest are apparently fairly free of penetration. The Tong Lien Doan Lao Dong, which ranks second, appears to be heavily subverted. Last year the police raided the homes of leading members and seized many Vietcong documents. Elections for a new committee early this year were partly financed by rival non-Communist unions, but this became known to the rank and file and the new chairman was quickly ousted. The railroad union, which belongs to this group, is one of the more important; it is heavily infiltrated, as are the taxi and cyclo-driver unions.

With commercial and business organizations, the Front's techniques appear to be directed more toward the extraction of money and materials than the winning of converts. Pharmaceuticals, steel, cement, and consumer goods all find their way from Saigon to Front areas. Busses and transport companies operating in and out of the city pay their taxes to both sides.

In this way the lines in South Vietnam often become indistinct. Among those who live in the twilight zone between the two sides, it is easy for the Front to blend into the political and social landscape in precisely the manner prescribed by the new united front platform that was released in Hanoi on the eve of the September elections in South Vietnam. So, although the results of the Front's activities within Saigon are obvious enough and the organization is clearly impressive, the difficulties in attempting to do more than indicate some of the Front's techniques are formidable.

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Color on TV

ROYAL D. COLLE

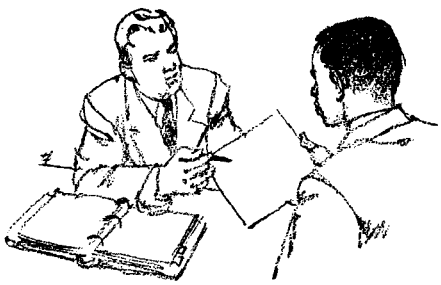
ALMOST from the beginning of commercial television in the early 1950's, Negro performers have had limited success in getting parts. Fear of losing the Southern audience caused sponsors and broadcasters to exhibit them only as dancers, singers, baseball players, or menials. This timidity was not allayed by published outbursts from the likes of Georgia's then Governor Herman Talmadge, who complained in his weekly newspaper that his state's sovereign air was being violated by programs showing white and Negro children dancing together. He was also shocked to see white and Negro women sitting and talking to each other on the television screen and insisted that "In the present situation a Southerner must either turn off the dial . . . or . . . stand there and take these insults."

Networks and advertisers undoubtedly were further intimidated by the experience of those who tried to violate the taboos. When Robert Alan Aurthur, associate producer of the *Philco Playhouse* in the early 1950's, persuaded reluctant executives to put on "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall" with Sidney Poitier in the first major television role given to a Negro, "serious" repercussions followed. Apart from editorials in Southern newspapers sprinkled with the word "Communist," a ten-thousand-name petition—prompted mostly by the assumption that Poitier's wife in the teleplay was white—was sent from Jackson, Mississippi, to the sponsor, threatening a boycott of Philco products. Several Philco distributors in the South canceled their franchises. The "white" wife was actually Hilda Simms, a light-skinned Negro actress.

By the middle 1950's, however, Negro action groups had grown stronger and more articulate as the result of a number of legal and protest successes in other areas. They confronted the television and motion-picture industries, whose production interests had begun to overlap, with the charge that Negroes were being systematically excluded from their creations except for "Negro" roles that failed to reflect Negro participation in the "ordinary familiar occupations and activities." One result of the industry's early response to this pressure was to slowly consign the once visible though stereotyped television Negro to invisibility.

The White Habit

The first attempt at a real dialogue between the industry and spokesmen for Negroes began a little more than ten years ago when the Co-ordinating Council for Negro Performers urged the State Commission Against Discrimination (SCAD) in New York to schedule a conference with representatives of advertising agencies and broadcasting networks



to examine the employment conditions for minority groups that prevailed in the industry.

After many such meetings, Negroes did begin to appear in a wider range of specialty roles, but few turned up in crowd scenes, regular dramatic series, panel shows, or daytime serials. Various reasons were cited. George Kondolff, then executive producer of *The United States Steel Hour*, testified before the House Committee on Education and Labor in 1962: "The stories written over the past hundred years that could be dramatized have been written by white people and for white people. Habit is awfully strong among playwrights, and I believe there has been a real social lag, beginning with the inception of the story, to the play."

Producers responsible for casting obviously were in the habit of thinking "white" or at least of not thinking "black." For example, although the prevalence of Negroes in the Old West has been documented in the 1965 book *The Negro Cowboys*, producers thought it unrealistic to cast Negroes in television Westerns. Negroes failed to make inroads on other kinds of programs for different reasons. Though panel and game shows were consistently on the networks' schedules, few Negroes appeared on them because there were few in the audiences from which participants were selected. There was also "pre-censorship": the New York State Commission for Human Rights reported that when a broadcasting executive asked a talent agency to send prospects to audition for a "weather girl" position, more than fifty were sent but none were Negroes. The situation moved Dick Gregory to remark before a Congressional committee: "The only TV show that hires Negroes regularly is the Saturday night boxing. After that, we can forget about it."

There were such advances as *The Nat "King" Cole Show* of 1957, but it folded for lack of sponsorship because, as Cole said, "Most of the agency men are afraid of the dark." That they were, in any case, mere punctuation points in a largely lily-white television schedule was documented in a survey conducted in 1962 for the New York Society for Ethical Culture by Dr. Lawrence Plotkin and Douglas Pugh. Their committee reported that a Negro appeared on the screen once every two and a half hours on any given channel and that in more than half of these appearances he was presented in the traditional singer, dancer, or servant roles. The category in which Negroes appeared next most frequently was "white collar," which Plotkin attributed to their participation in news panels, interviews, and other public-affairs programs. The use of Negroes in commercials—a rather lucrative assignment—or in public-service announcements was markedly insignificant. No Negroes at all appeared in Westerns and children's programs, and very few turned up in daytime serials. Yet in programs that reflect the national scene, i.e., news and public affairs, Negroes appeared on more than half the programs, underlining the discrepancy between ac-

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ceptance of the Negro's fictional role and his actual role as a focal point of news interest.

Nonetheless, if one examined the official position of the broadcasting industry at the time, it was difficult to discover where and why discrimination occurred. Network corporate policies called for fair employment practices, and representatives of the networks testified as to their efforts to secure compliance with these policies. An official of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) noted in 1962 that for many years it had had a collective-bargaining contract by which producers agreed not to discriminate against any performer because of race, sex, creed, color, or national origin. Parties to the agreement had included some 450 producers in radio and television. Two of the major industry codes, the National Association of Broadcasters' Radio Code and its Television Code, subscribed to by about forty per cent of the radio stations and seventy per cent of the television stations in the United States, warned explicitly against the use of words derisive of any race. But although the official positions were clear, a stronger effort to bring action more directly in line with policy was obviously needed.

Among the groups that began to make the effort was the New York State Commission for Human Rights. In the fall of 1962, George Fowler, chairman of the commission, met with the heads of the three major networks to express the state's concern over both the lack of television employment for Negroes and other minorities and the type of roles they were given when they were employed. The commission secured the services of George Norford, then a senior editor at NBC, as full-time television consultant. His responsibility was to arouse an awareness of the dual problems of employment and image (if such an awareness did not already exist) and to enlist the networks' active collaboration in finding a solution.

A series of meetings with key programming executives culminated in an agreement that Norford would confer personally with every producer of every program appearing on every network. Norford also met with those directly involved in making decisions that would influence the frequency and quality of roles which Negroes might fill—producers, writers, and directors. In the course of his conversations with them, he got the "unanimous response" that the social climate had changed so rapidly that it seemed that the "long-feared and much-discussed Southern opposition is today nothing more than a broad and baseless myth."

Changing the Scene

Meanwhile, advertisers were emphatically informed by other groups of the changes that marked American society in the early 1960's. In New York City, Robert F. Wagner's Mayor's Committee on Job Advancement contacted some five hundred advertisers and advertising agencies urging them to consider integrated advertisements, arguing that the appearance of Negroes in ordinary roles and normal settings

would help lift Negro aspirations. Of the five hundred approached, the committee was able to publish a list of seventy-two advertisers, advertising agencies, and publications that "responded." On the West Coast, a more forceful tactic was followed by the NAACP. In mid-1963, the organization's labor secretary, Herbert Hill, told television film producers that if results did not come "within a reasonable time," advertisers would face a Negro boycott. By September, 1963, when the NAACP met with the most important trade association of advertising agencies, the American Association of Advertising Agencies, it received assurances that Negroes would be given fair employment opportunities in programs and commercials and that, indeed, a number of companies had already made commercials using Negro talent.

Resistant Southern television stations were attacked from another direction. In 1964 the United Church of Christ petitioned the Federal Communications Commission to deny a license renewal to two stations in Jackson, Mississippi, because it alleged that they failed to serve the "public interest, convenience, and necessity." The appeal was based on the fact that although Negroes make up forty per cent of the total population of Hinds County, in which the stations are located, the stations failed to carry "balanced" news on the problems of desegregation or to include news items of particular relevance to the Negro community. The stations were also accused of using only white performers in their local live programming and of referring to Negroes, if at all, without the courtesy titles accorded whites—Mr., Mrs., Miss. When the commission renewed the licenses of these stations (one on a short-term probationary basis) and four other Mississippi stations in 1965, merely warning them to serve the needs of all members of their communities, the church took its complaint to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. The court ordered the FCC to reopen the case of Jackson's WLBT, which claimed that the racial complexion of the area put it in a "damned if it does—damned if it doesn't" position. An FCC hearing examiner eventually ruled in WLBT's favor, but the case nevertheless has made stations aware of their obligations to minority-group interests.

Even though the changes had been wrought largely by groups outside the industry, changes were also taking place within the industry itself. These transformations were at least partially attributable to a revision of the medium's traditional sponsorship system. In recent years advertisers have been more likely to buy spot announcements or segments of programs than to sponsor

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entire productions by themselves. With the economic support thus diversified, control by advertisers over content and choice of performers tended to become diluted. This has made it easier for programmers, producers, and writers to carry out the pronouncements in their policies.

One noteworthy effort from within the industry was launched in 1964 by Donald H. McGannon, president of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in New York. Initially, he used his own company, with its radio and television stations, CATV system, advertising agencies, and production company, to test a plan that would stimulate the wider use of Negroes in other broadcasting circles. His pilot effort, which included training and recruitment programs, was enough of a success to encourage its expansion. Therefore, under McGannon's leadership and with the co-operation of the three major television networks and the Urban League, a Broadcast Skills Bank was set up for the specific purposes of promoting the training of Negroes and serving as a clearinghouse for job opportunities.

Many of the nation's broadcasters now not only support the plan but look on it in businesslike terms as a reservoir upon which to draw for staffing their stations. The Bank takes advantage of the fact that there are great shortages among broadcasting's administrative, technical, producing, and sales personnel —making up ninety per cent of the jobs in television. It emphasizes opportunities in broadcasting employment generally, rather than focusing on the "glamour" jobs.

By 1964, when Dr. Plotkin conducted a second monitoring study under the auspices of the Committee on Integration of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, he was able to report a substantial change in the nature of Negro appearances on the television screen. More than twenty-five per cent of roles assigned to Negroes were dramatic parts, and almost a fourth of these were major roles. Performing roles (singer, dancer, musician, comedian) represented less than ten per cent of Negro appearances in contrast to their predominance as revealed in the survey Plotkin had conducted two years earlier. A second modification was found in commercials and public-service announcements. In the 1962 survey, only two of these involved Negroes; in 1964, thirty-six were reported, which, the committee contended, "clearly reflects the networks' and advertisers' response to pressure of civil rights and governmental organizations."

Plotkin found, however, that children and devotees of daytime serials

continued to be exposed to a "lily-white screen," although Westerns had been desegregated to some extent. In summing up, the Committee on Integration conceded a "slight improvement" but found the gains were "insufficient for our times."

In the intervening years, as employment of Negroes has increased, the obsolescence of the old image has become more and more evident. Not long ago, for example, CBS withdrew the *Amos 'n' Andy* series from its syndication catalogue. The program, which had been a popular radio show in the 1930's before its conversion in 1951 to CBS Television, had been a perennial source of irritation to Negroes.

Variety noted early in the 1966-1967 season that while the widest use of Negroes in television programming seems to be in programs that do not deal with contemporary American life, the parts they do play are not "Negro parts" but ones that could just as readily be performed by Anglo-Saxons. And it is no longer startling to see Negroes in crowd scenes, on juries, as secretaries or nurses—or even as spies. One highly rated weekly series, *I Spy,* with Negro actor Bill Cosby as co-star, is being broadcast by more than two hundred stations in the NBC network line-up, including the Jackson, Mississippi, outlet that had rejected the program two seasons before. *Mission Impossible,* whose team of special operators includes a Negro electronics expert, appears on screens in every state of the nation. Bob Teague, who reports nationally for the NBC-TV network, was one of the first of the by now numerous Negro newscasters. Another significant development was the popularity of Negro comic Scoey Mitchlll [*sic*] as host of a weekly children's program on New York's WPIX.

Apart from the obvious benefits of increased opportunity for Negro talent, a more important and more difficult to document effect of these changes is their long-run impact on Negro and white viewers. For years, Negroes in the United States have been confronted at almost every turn —in the mass media, in school textbooks, in employment, housing, and public places—with an image that told them that they were inferior, backward, and lazy. The late Harvard psychologist Gordon Allport, among others, contended that this omnipresent debilitating image has had a telling effect on the personality of Negroes. Only recently, the sociologist James Coleman reported that the single most important factor accounting for the difference in school achievement between Negro and white children was self-confidence. Dr. Coleman's study, published as *Equality of Educational Opportunity,* suggests that doubt among Negro youths as to their ability to control their own destiny is part of a "vicious circle" in which an unfavorable self-image produces for them a "logical" reason for not achieving—leading to results that serve to reinforce the negative self-image.

It seems reasonable to assume that the new Negro image in television programs that is also showing up in motion pictures and magazine stories will bring about an increased pride among Negroes. The difficulty may be that the new image will inaccurately reflect the *real* alternatives. If our popular media stimulate motivation while society fails to provide adequate opportunity, frustration will be the inevitable result. But it is likely that the new Negro image in television will have a salutary effect on whites as well if, in casually introducing Negroes in a wide range of roles, it helps them to accept the idea that Negroes belong in the mainstream of American life.

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Balaguer's Burden: The Trujillo Holdings

NICHOLAS RAYMOND and WINTHROP P. CARTY

SANTO DOMINGO

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC is still the house that Trujillo built. Three decades of iron rule plus the years of chaos and civil war since his assassination in 1961 have left the country physically and emotionally spent, yet unpurged of the dictator's memory. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the economy, where President Joaquín Balaguer's most nettlesome problem is the state's lopsided control over both agriculture and industry owing to the nationalization of the Trujillo family's private holdings. It may seem strange in a country so recently "saved" from a leftist takeover, but the Dominican Republic has by far the most widespread system of state ownership of any Western Hemisphere nation except Cuba.

By inclination, the Balaguer government is the very opposite of statist-oriented; in fact, it has no doctrinaire economic theory of any kind. Its control over enterprises usually left in private hands is an inherited embarrassment. The state properties account for more than fifty per cent of all organized agriculture and industry, and are the country's largest employer of labor. They also lose money, distort the economy, and use up administrative skills desperately needed elsewhere. Potentially, they are the country's most volatile political issue.

The extent of the government's holdings is still being measured. Robert Crassweller, a recent Trujillo biographer, dubbed these holdings "the honeycomb," so pervasive was their domination of all facets of the economy in the dictator's heyday. In agriculture, they include more than half the country's sugar lands along with fourteen related refineries, huge cattle ranches with some of the finest herds in the Caribbean, and cotton and sisal plantations. In industry, aside from the sugar refineries, the state has complete or partial ownership of more than fifty businesses, involving not only manufacturing but banking, insurance, salt and gypsum, export-import, real estate, and retail trade. The government is the majority shareholder in the country's largest textile, cement, tobacco, and flour-milling industries and dips into such sanctuaries of private enterprise as car dealerships, a music-recording company, and a soft-drink enterprise. It even owns one per cent of the Santo Domingo Country Club.

Where Did All the Honey Go?

Partisan political activity is at its lowest ebb in years, particularly outside this drab capital city, where peeling revolutionary slogans and bullet holes still disfigure many walls. Balaguer's victory over Juan Bosch in last year's election, the fairness of which is not seriously questioned, has silenced the moderate Left and most of the Right. Former "Constitutionalist" leaders of the 1965 revolt like Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deño, Héctor Aristy, Alfonso Molina Ureña, and Angel Miolán have either joined the government at home or accepted foreign posts. Bosch has gone to live in Spain, and his Partido Revolucionario Dominicano (PRD) is split in two.

Yet memories of the 1965 revolt and the U.S. intervention are still vivid, and life for the great majority of the Dominican people is as hard as ever. After the nearly constant turmoil of the past years, they want peace and jobs, but the latter are in very short supply. In the worst of the slum barrios here there still is sullen anger. On an issue such as disposal of the Trujillo properties, stirring up ghosts of the past and directly affecting the lives of many thousands of campesinos and urban workers as well as the government bureaucracy, an opposition could easily unite to disturb today's superficial calm.

All Dominicans know that Trujillo and his rapacious clan milked these properties to amass one of the largest private fortunes in the world and probably the largest in Latin America. Trujillo's true wealth at the time of his assassination is unknown, but no one puts it at less than several hundred million dollars. If the honeycomb brought forth such profits for the dictator, why should it not now do the same for the people? Leftist politicians tirelessly harp on this question, warning that Balaguer and his U.S. advisers will turn over this "national patrimony" to the island's tiny oligarchy or, still worse, to foreign exploiters.

The question which the Left puts to the suffering Dominican people needs to be answered. By no means is all of the honeycomb badly run, and none of it can be proved to be dishonestly run. A few of the industrial properties produce handsome profits. Most, however, lose money and the gains don't offset the losses. But it is in agriculture, not industry, that the real trouble lies. The total deficit of the state-owned properties last year was estimated at about $23 million, and $18 million of that was incurred by the government's Dominican Sugar Corporation.

TRADITIONALLY, the economy of the Dominican Republic has been based on sugar, and the bottom has dropped out of the world sugar market. The world free-market price for sugar fluctuates around two and a half cents a pound, and the Dominican Republic can't produce at that price. At considerable political risk, the Balaguer government has laid off more than five thousand sugar-mill workers since taking office, and production costs have been lowered from a disastrous level of eight cents a pound to about five cents.

The Dominican Republic has a quota of 450,000 tons a year in the lucrative U.S. sugar market, in which the subsidized buying price is just over six cents a pound, but production this year will be more than 900,000 tons. "Either we sell to the United States," a Sugar Corporation official notes, "or we might as well throw the crop in the sea." Actually, the Dominicans have been getting much more than their allotted share in the U.S. market in the past few years because the deficit in Puerto Rican production has been parceled out to other suppliers. This year the Sugar Corporation hopes to make a

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small profit, but this will still be a far cry from the Trujillo days, when costs were low, the selling price was high, and the dictator's free-spending Washington agents were mysteriously adept at getting a big share of the U.S. market.

The impact of the sugar recession cannot be overestimated. The fields under the Dominican Sugar Corporation turn out about sixty-five per cent of the country's total production, with private U.S. and Dominican companies dividing the remainder. The sugar industry represents one-sixth of the gross national product and earns more than half the country's total export receipts. In the harvest season, it employs 75,000 cutters and mill hands. When sugar is in trouble, the Dominican Republic is in trouble, no matter who is running the government.

Downhill All the Way

In industry as in agriculture during the Trujillo era, a high level of return was assured by cheap and docile labor, monopoly of national markets, tax loopholes, and the use of government facilities for private ends. New roads inevitably linked Trujillo estates to adjacent cities, army transport and personnel were available when needed, and business deals of all kinds were cleared through the National Palace at a price. Industry, of course, is a much smaller factor in the country's economy than agriculture, accounting for only ten per cent of the gross national product (excluding the sugar refineries). But every government since Trujillo's death has used the state properties for political gain—rapidly increasing wages, providing jobs to soak up unemployment, dispensing patronage and other favors. At the same time, the industrial plant went rapidly downhill. New workers and inept management wrecked machinery by misuse and lack of maintenance. Newly resuscitated private companies pushed into the market. The honeycomb dried up.

In all the state enterprises today, the basic cause of deficit operation is superfluous labor. Yet unemployment in the country as a whole is dangerously high, amounting to perhaps a third of the labor force. The layoffs in the sugar industry have been partially compensated for by new public-works programs, but the government has made no net gain in the unemployment problem and may even be losing ground as new workers come onto the market. Understandably, there is little zeal for trimming the rolls of the state enterprises.

There can be no blanket appraisal of the worth of the industrial properties under government control. Half a dozen make money and a few more might do so if management were permitted to slash staff, raise prices, and modernize equipment. But so long as the whole complex loses money, there will be little new investment and the process of decay will continue.

Thirty-two state-owned firms, under the Dominican State Enterprises Corporation, recently have been under study by ADELATEC, the technical consulting arm of ADELA, a multinational private development company that provides seed capital for promising private Latin-American companies. The report is finished but has not yet been made public. It almost certainly will advise that the viable companies be sold to private investors and the rest be shut down. Probably well over half will be in the second category. (Sugar was not involved in the study.)

However logical such a plan from the business point of view, the solution is not that simple for Balaguer. "You have to look at these properties politically," says former Provisional President Héctor García Godoy, now ambassador to Washington. "We must find a mechanism to give a great number of people a share in whatever is sold, but the common people have no money to buy shares in industry."

The problem also goes beyond the realm of Dominican public opinion into the equally delicate area of relations with the United States. The Balaguer government has been aided at every level by Washington. The U.S. embassy staff here is the second largest in Latin America (after that in Brazil), with nearly nine hundred employees—more than double the staff at the time of the intervention. There are 128 Peace Corps volunteers and a host of private welfare agencies. U.S. advisers backstop the work of every government bureau, and the Balaguer administration does not even try to hide its dependence on them. U.S. businessmen and transient officials fill the best hotels, which is a kind of blessing since there are almost no tourists.

Resentment of the United States runs deep, but it is mixed with fatalism about the U.S. presence and influence. Newsmen and other foreign observers covering the Balaguer-Bosch election were nearly unanimous in their belief that Bosch would overwhelm his opponent, so vocal and strident was anti-Yankee and anti-interventionist sentiment. Balaguer was twice damned as a puppet of Washington and a lifelong Trujillista. But when the votes were counted he had won by heavy majorities in the countryside and held his own in the cities. Today, even in the ranks of the PRD, there is no talk of "throwing off the foreign yoke." Instead there is a wide realization that the country's economic survival is heavily dependent on U.S. largesse and in the long term will require the availability of U.S. markets.

Balaguer goes even further. At the Punta del Este Conference of hemisphere Presidents last April, he told his Latin-American confreres that he would welcome a "special relationship" that would permanently tie the Dominican economy to the United States. He and others have reiterated the idea many times since. "We need the United States," García Godoy says. "We have to look forward, not back. We need a special relationship that will allow us to sell more to the mainland and especially to Puerto Rico. I believe we can have such a

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relationship without giving the country away."

The Tie That Binds

U.S. officials in Santo Domingo and Washington, fearful of arousing a new cry of colonialism in Latin America, at first reacted negatively to the special-relationship idea, citing troubles with Congress, the need for changes in tariff laws that might run afoul of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, etc. But in mid-October the White House announced the formation of a joint U.S., Dominican, and Puerto Rican technical group to study some form of co-operation. In Washington, in fact, there exists the same fatalism as in Santo Domingo—for better or worse, the two countries today as in the past are stuck with each other, and this feeling has only been intensified by the intervention.

The collaboration with Puerto Rico makes sense, and AID officials in Santo Domingo have talked about it for some time. With the success of Puerto Rico's "bootstrap" industrialization program and the right of unrestricted travel to the mainland, there has been a growing migration from the farms to Puerto Rican cities and towns. Not only will the island be unable to meet its sugar-quota commitments, but imports of food are bound to increase. As the wage level rises, there already are beginning to be industries in which it would make sense to import some raw and semi-finished materials from the Dominican Republic rather than to produce them locally.

Dominicans, in short, could provide the cheap labor source for Puerto Rican industry in the way that Puerto Rico itself has done for mainland manufacturers. With the revision of U.S. tariff laws, Dominican goods could move through Puerto Rico to the mainland market duty-free. As a result, Dominican industry could attract Puerto Rican (i.e., largely U.S.) investment for expansion.

Sooner or later, however, talk of such a special relationship will mean that the Dominicans must put their own house in order, a job that will be impossible while most industry and agriculture are in government hands. It is not that the United States would apply pressure for the sale of the state industries, but that no fruitful partnership with Puerto Rican and mainland interests would be possible until the Dominican economy is restructured.

Clearly, the Balaguer government ought to begin and would like to begin the transformation. At the very least, the country must drastically reduce its dependence on sugar, diversifying canelands into cash food crops. It is pointless, Dominican officials admit, to talk of a Puerto Rican market for food exports while their country annually imports $50 million worth of such staples as beans, milk, and corn. But will the country diversify? On August 19, Sugar Cane Day and a national holiday, Balaguer told the country that all the sugar mills were working well and that "the government will move very slowly before closing any of them."

There has been some diversification, particularly in winter vegetables for export to the United States, and the government's current three-year development plan puts major emphasis on agricultural investment. But the pace has been agonizingly slow. Squatters occupy many thousands of hectares of public and private farmland and the government makes no attempt to evict them. Only about four thousand titles have been approved for smallholders since 1962, although the rate is supposed to jump next year. Diversification calls for extensive financial and technical aid, but the Dominican campesino, almost always a functional illiterate, remains suspicious if not actively hostile to government interference. Long before he can be taught the blessings of fertilizers, he will want to know that he owns the plot of land he is tilling.

In industry, there is equal reason to doubt the government's ability to act. By bringing in ADELATEC to study the situation of the state industries, Balaguer was buying a guaranteed response—perhaps to have his own views backed up by its multinational experts. ADELA was formed to provide development aid in the private sector as a counterbalance to the preponderance of government-to-government aid often destined for nationalized industries. But the ADELATEC report may be more than Balaguer bargained for. Its advice calls for the sale of all the viable companies to private investors. And it will almost certainly offer ADELA's services as agent for raising the necessary capital in the Dominican Republic and abroad. The leftist bogeymen of oligarch and foreign exploitation will then be right on the doorstep.

There may be a few cases, particularly where the state has minority holdings, where sale to private investors can be made smoothly and quietly. There are a few companies that are nearly defunct already and they can be allowed to die. But the crux of the issue will be the disposal of the big and profitable majority-owned companies such as the state tobacco plant and the flour-milling company. The government would have to make the case that private ownership would bring greater efficiency and new investment, while equal revenue would come from taxation rather than profit—a good economic argument but without much political appeal. Frustrating as it may be to outsiders and especially to U.S. officials on the scene, there probably isn't any politically possible solution to the dilemma, and if there were it is doubtful that Balaguer would risk it anyway.

BALAGUER and the men around him know that this is a transitional government. They see their primary responsibility as political rather than economic. It may not be said so in public, but they also are convinced that Washington will keep the economy afloat to avoid a return to the tensions of 1965. Direct U.S. aid over the past six years has been more than $350 million, and that doesn't include the special bonanzas in the sugar quota or the extras that come from private and semi-private agencies with U.S. official blessing.

Last July 1, Balaguer completed one year in office. If he can last the full four years of his term and then show the Dominican people an orderly transition of power to a popularly elected successor, he will have started the country on the road to democratic normalcy. With that goal paramount—and of importance to the United States as well—it is doubtful that he is going to rock the boat too much on any economic issue.

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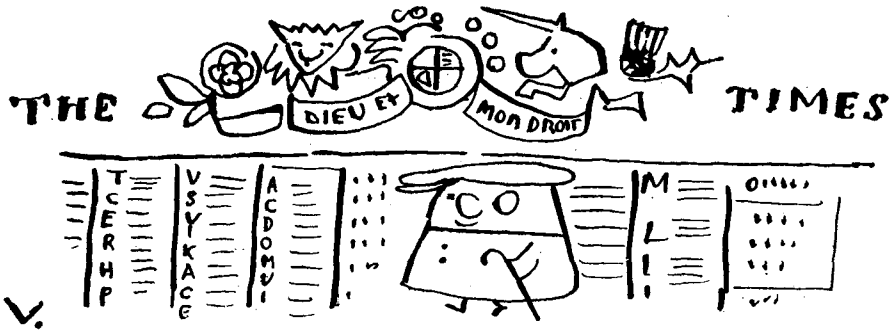

The Narrow Confines Of British Crime Reporting

NORMAN MOSS

LONDON

"IN THE long history of this class of case, there has, in the opinion of this court, never been a case approaching such gravity as this, or one of such a scandalous and wicked character." This was Lord Chief Justice Goddard, passing sentence eighteen years ago on the late Silvester Bolam, editor of the London *Daily Mirror*, Britain's largest-circulation newspaper.

The editor's scandalous and wicked offense was not murder, rape, or extortion. It was contempt of court: the tabloid *Daily Mirror* had overstepped the line delimiting what a newspaper may and may not say about a case pending before the British courts. The judge's strong words (and the three-month prison sentence he handed down to Bolam) echo down through the years and still jog the memory of British journalists.

The *Mirror's* offense involved the case of one John Haigh, who had been arrested and charged with murdering a wealthy middle-aged woman following police investigations into the disappearance of several such women in London. As is customary, the *Mirror* had merely reported Haigh's arrest. But on the same page it also printed a news story about a prisoner whom warders called "the human vampire" because he had confessed to killing several women and drinking their blood. Anyone reading these two stories might reasonably conclude that they were about one and the same man. Taken in conjunction, therefore, the stories constituted a violation of the British rule that newspapers may not print anything that prejudges any part of a legal proceeding and might prejudice the jury. (When Haigh came to trial, the macabre evidence showed that the *Mirror* story was true, but that fact was beside the point and was not even offered as part of Bolam's defense.)

Not only was Bolam held responsible for the violation, but the Lord Chief Justice ordered the proprietors of the Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., to appear in court. "Let the directors beware," he warned sternly. "They know now the conduct of which their employees are capable. They know now the view which the court takes of the matter. And if they, for the purposes of increasing the circulation of their paper, should ever again venture to publish such matter as this, the directors themselves may find that the arm of this court is long enough to reach them and deal with them."

It is this warning as much as Bolam's prison sentence that has given pause to British news-desk executives ever since. A newspaperman who goes to prison for writing or publishing a story is something of a martyr, but one who has caused his employers to be sent to prison is apt to find his job prospects something less than brilliant.

Toeing the Line

In reporting crime and court news, British papers operate within legal limits so narrow that they make the restraints on the American press, police, and legal profession proposed last year by a special panel of the American Bar Association seem mild indeed. British reporters may not print any account of interviews with an accused man, his family, or witnesses until the case is over. Even publishing a photograph of the accused may be risky. (Naturally, all this applies to television and radio as well. British viewers were amazed when, after Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev were arrested at a hippie party in San Francisco, they saw on their television sets the two being formally charged in the police station. It couldn't have happened, of course, if they had been charged by British police.) During a trial, only strictly accurate reporting of the evidence given in court is allowed; a reporter may not write, for example, that a particular piece of testimony "rocked the defense case" or "visibly moved the jury."

Sometimes, these restrictions have consequences other than those intended. For instance, in the unbeatably newsy trial of Stephen Ward, a key figure in the 1963 Sir John Profumo-Christine Keeler scandal, Mandy Rice-Davies gave evidence about her call-girl days and out of gratuitous spite named an internationally known socialite as one of her clients. He promptly issued a statement denying the relationship. American newspapers printed the denial, but British newspapers could not do so, since to do so would have been challenging the veracity of a witness during the trial and held to be contempt of court. Only when the prosecuting attorney referred to the denial the next day in cross-examining Mandy did it become part of the evidence given in court and hence reportable.

This meticulousness prevents the

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kind of travesty of justice that took place in the United States recently by which a convicted murderer was able to get his trial quashed on the ground that he had been shown confessing his crime on a television news program and was therefore tried by a prejudiced jury. But it also undoubtedly prevents some useful journalistic enterprises. For example, the recent NBC television analysis of New Orleans' District Attorney Jim Garrison's inquiries into the Kennedy assassination, for example, may, as the New York *Times* observed editorially, "shed a revealing new light on the running controversy between the bar and the Fourth Estate on pre-trial publicity."

This controversy has sharpened since October, 1966, when the Advisory Committee on Fair Trial and Free Press of the American Bar Association published a list of recommended restrictions on the release and reporting of information on persons suspected or accused of crimes. The recommended restrictions would apply primarily to police officers and lawyers, limiting sharply what they would be allowed to divulge to the press and placing them in contempt of court if they violated the rules. The panel recommends, among other things, that reporters be barred from pre-trial hearings, that press interviews not be allowed until the accused consults a lawyer, and that the police be forbidden to give out the prior record of an accused person, the existence or contents of a confession, or any statement made by the accused.

The American press has come out strongly against these proposals and denounced them as a violation of the public's inalienable "right to know." But it gets no support in this attitude from British editors. Whether their newspapers are the most sober or the most sensational, it does not occur to them to challenge the right of the court to prevent them trespassing on its domain, any more than, as spectators in an operating theatre, they would question the right of the surgeon to tell them where to sit so that they do not get in his way.

William Rees-Mogg, the editor of the *Times* of London, who has been making Britain's most eminent newspaper a more contemporary one since he took over the post in January, has an attitude that is fairly typical of British journalists: "The fair treatment of individuals before the law is the most important part of our democratic system. It's absolutely fundamental. If that went, the rest would go."

How does the British journalist on a crime story ensure fair treatment of those before the law? He almost certainly knows more than he can publish. Circumlocutions, around which the experienced reader steers automatically, are common. The reporter may describe a theft from a store, a chase, the pinioning of a fleeing man, and end by stating, "Later, a man was detained by the police." He must not say it was the same man who stole the money. No one is ever suspected of a crime in print—he is either formally charged, or not. Sometimes the reporter will print a description taken from the police of a man "who the police believe can help them with their enquiries." The

reader takes this, rightly, to mean that the police think the man did it and that they are searching for him.

The lawyer is a familiar figure in the newsroom of every national newspaper, poring over copy in his shirtsleeves, wielding a blue pencil, arguing with reporters and editors over the phrasing of a sentence.

There are many precedents besides the Bolam case to guide the lawyer's interpretations. Take the case of the *People*, a sensationalist Sunday newspaper that specializes in crimes and exposés. It ran a story a few years ago on the activities of a Maltese pimp headed, characteristically, "Arrest This Beast!" Unfortunately, when the story appeared the "beast" had already *been* arrested, and was out on bail pending his trial. The story was, therefore, prejudging his trial. The mistake cost the *People* $5,500.

And the *Daily Record,* the Scottish edition of the *Daily Mirror,* recently published a photograph of a football star arrested for a sex crime. It seemed that identification of the offender was to be a key factor in the evidence, and as the judge said, "When a witness goes into a witness box to identify the culprit at this trial, how is the judge or jury to know that the witness is identifying the man seen on the occasion of the crime, and not the man whose photograph has been emblazoned on the front page of the newspaper?" He fined the *Daily Record* $21,000. British judges, like British juries in libel cases, usually feel that the financial bite must be a big one if it is to hurt.

In treading the strait and narrow path, newspapers often seek off-the-record guidance from the police or higher officialdom. They may get a discreetly helpful answer, or simply the kind of warning given in a cheery tone by a Scotland Yard man to a crime reporter: "Tell your boss that this one is tricky, and we've got a special wing at Brixton Prison reserved for newspaper editors." Occasionally, word may reach the newspapers that if the contempt law is strained in a particular case of overriding public interest, no one will be prosecuted. When gunmen killed three London policemen last year, photographs of the men being sought appeared in the newspapers. This time they were not accompanied by some cautious phrase about "may be able to help the police with their enquiries" but by blunt and urgent headings: "Find These Men. They Are Dangerous."

Too Much Caution?

Two years ago the organization Justice, made up of prominent lawyers, produced a report which found that where the British law of contempt was stifling, it was usually because of overcautiousness on the part of the press. The report

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cited the matter of commenting on a verdict and sentence while a case is under appeal, and held that comment is permissible provided the judge's integrity is not questioned, though many newspapers seem not to realize this. The point was illustrated by a court decision in 1959 in which it was ruled that since appeals differ from trials by jury in that they are conducted by judges, press comment may be allowed because it will have no influence on the impartial legal mind.

This right to comment on a pending appeal was exercised vigorously after two of the Rolling Stones pop group were given prison sentences on drug convictions that to many people seemed based on very thin evidence. The *Times* and the *Guardian* ran editorials saying that the Stones were being victimized, and the *Sunday Times* followed with an editorial headlined "The Stones: A Case of Social Revenge." This may not sound particularly outspoken to Americans, but in Britain the editorials produced a demand by Sir Knox Cunningham, a Conservative M.P., that press comment while an appeal is pending be made illegal. The Attorney-General, Sir Elwyn Jones, rejected the idea and re-emphasized the freedom of newspapers to comment responsibly pending an appeal. He added, "In my opinion, this freedom is a valuable safeguard, and should not be curtailed."

A restrictive law, similar to the rule proposed by the American Bar Association's committee, is now coming on the statute books. It will forbid the reporting of evidence given at preliminary hearings unless the defense specifically requests it. (It is at a preliminary hearing that it is decided whether there is a case to go forward for trial.) The law, only one of several clauses in a new Criminal Justice bill, was sponsored by a reformist and civil liberties-minded Home Secretary. Its object is to prevent the airing of prosecution evidence in advance of the case. The defendant's position is considered to be safeguarded by his right to have publicity if he wants it.

British press representatives opposed the bill on the grounds that even at a preliminary hearing, publicity is necessary to ensure justice. Home Office officials heard them out, but privately they tended to dismiss press objections as spurious and felt that the only real objection was that lurid reports of preliminary hearings sell newspapers. In the end, these clauses of the bill passed through Parliament with little opposition even from the press. Most newspaper readers still do not know that the issue exists.

THE RESTRICTIONS on the right of the press to speak freely on legal matters and its acquiescence in these restrictions is not a sign of a muzzled press or of a tame one. It is not even a sign that on the whole the British press is more sober and socially responsible than the U.S. press. (One could claim that it is less ready to violate privacy and the demands of good taste. No British newspaper will carry a photograph showing a woman's agony over the death of her child; and though every reporter at the Rolling Stones trial knew the identity of the nearly nude girl who was with the Stones at the time of their arrest, no popular newspaper printed her name.)

The difference between the attitudes of British and American newspapermen is more to be accounted for by the fact that the journalist in Britain does not have quite the same status as he does in the United States. Leading political reporters do not really feel like a fourth branch of government. With national newspapers that circulate throughout Britain, there are no equivalents of the syndicated columnist; no journalist is bigger than the paper he works for. There are no figures of the stature of an Alsop or a Reston or a Lippmann. Reporters covering crime stories or the courts are treated as professional men doing their job. They are not regarded either as an arm of justice with the right to prod and even on occasion replace the courts or as representatives of a sovereign and free public with the right to know and see everything.

Still, the difference goes deeper than the status of one profession. It reflects a different balance between the conflicting demands of democracy and privacy, of open hearing and fair trial. Britons tend to elevate individual rights over social ones, and the "right to know" is more limited than in the United States.

Though the United States has a written constitution and Britain does not, British democracy is in many ways the more constitutional of the two and America the more populist. Americans tend to emphasize the right and power of "the people" and "the public," while Britons put their faith more in the propriety and disinterestedness of the machinery of justice and the law. (The idea of electing law-enforcement officials like political officeholders is incomprehensible to most Britons and incompatible with their concept of the rule of law.)

Even though British justice seems on occasion to be untouched by human hands and annoyance is now and then expressed that the attribution of human feelings to a judge is a blasphemy equivalent to the Arian heresy, the underlying attitude is that the best protection of the individual's rights is the workings of the machinery of justice, and nothing must be allowed to impede them. The press is seen as a necessary watchdog of those workings, not as a participant.

IF THE PROPOSALS of the Advisory Committee on Fair Trial and Free Press are adopted by the House of Delegates and Board of Governors of the American Bar Association, the managing editor of a Tennessee newspaper has predicted that American crime reporting will soon be pretty much what it is in Britain. The famous case once summarized by the lines "Lizzie Borden took an axe/And gave her Mother forty whacks;/When she saw what she had done,/She gave her Father forty-one," will be described, he says, by American papers in such words as "A terrible thing has come to pass/At the Borden home in Fall River, Mass./ Involved are father, mother, chile—/ For further details, hear the trial." The verse current at the time of the Borden trial scans better, but neither this nor any other argument so far presented by American newspaper publishers seems likely to alter the report of the Advisory Committee before it comes up for a vote next February.

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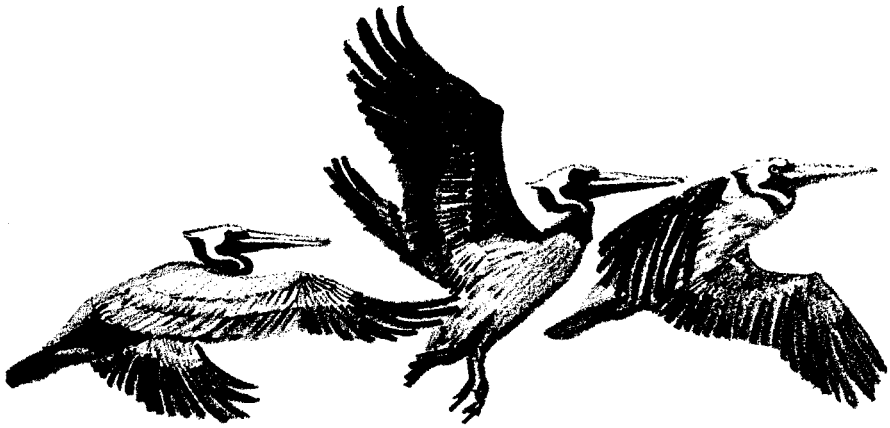

Some Place to Hide

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

TULCEA, ROMANIA

FOR the rose-tinted pelican, *Pelecanus onocrotalus,* the thousand-square-mile marshes to the east of here where the Danube meets the Black Sea are the last happy fishing ground in all Europe. *Pelecanus,* despite his jovial-clubman looks, is an extremely retiring soul, and the too proximate presence of mankind has driven him from the rest of his traditional haunts in southeastern Europe. Only in the vast green delta of the Danube can he still breed in as much privacy as in the marshes of the Euphrates or the Nile, with the happy result that about six thousand pelicans currently make their home in this slough of paradise.

Finding them is another matter. You head far into the interior in one of the three- or four-man delta canoes, and if you wait very quietly in the reeds near a stretch of open water, you may be lucky enough to see a flock of sixty or a hundred as they go about the ruthlessly efficient business of fishing for a living. They come wheeling out of the sky in tight formations, long-necked, big-breasted, and with those bulging beaks that make them look heavy in the air, like Catalina flying boats. But they approach in swift, elegant arcs, settling down on the water more lightly than swans, or for that matter, even more gracefully than the Bolshoi corps de ballet in *Swan Lake,* which this scene inevitably reminds me of. Then they proceed to give the local collectivized fishermen an object lesson in communal enterprise. Swimming wing to wing in a tight cordon—or sometimes in two or three rows, one behind the other—they round up swarms of fish and herd them into shallow water, where they can be conveniently gobbled up in the elastic pouch that pelicans carry for that very purpose.

If you make a noise the whole flock will be off in a flash, beating the water to a froth with pterodactyl wings. They can cover 130 miles in a good day's work—flying, scouting, swimming, and scooping up fish in such quantities that many delta fishermen consider them an active menace to their own livelihood. I have heard tales of more than one violent clash between fishermen and game wardens; a conflict born of ecological rivalry like the sheep-cattle feud, with one side doing its best to preserve a species that the other would rather see extinct.

THE BIRDS are so thick in the delta that it is advisable always to wear a hat. Besides pelicans—both *onocrotalus* and his grayish cousin *crispus*—there are dozens of other rare species for which this is the last resort in Europe. Herons, cranes, spoonbills, cormorants, eagles, and about three hundred others meet here at the junction of five major flyways of migratory birds from South Africa, the Caucasus, and Northern and Central Europe. What makes this a paradise for them is its sheer inaccessibility for us. Though the three main branches of the lower Danube are kept open to river traffic by means of dredges and dikes, the rest of this landscape is a wilderness of reeds, water lilies, and flooded forests negotiable only by canoe.

A handful of reed-thatched villages lie scattered through the marshes, and the people who live in them—about three thousand or so—would probably feel perfectly at home among the lake dwellers of Stone Age Europe. It is the flotsam of history that has been stranded here in this wildlife preserve: Ukrainian Protestant dissenters, bearded nonconformists of the Lipovan sect, fugitive Russian Skoptsi, displaced Ottoman Turks, and Nogai Tatars with superb Mongol faces, whose ancestors came west with Genghis Khan and the Golden Horde.

The Skoptsi or Skopets (Russian for eunuch) are a sect of millenarians and self-mutilators; like some of the early Christian extremists mentioned by St. Augustine, they regard castration as the first step toward the soul's salvation. During the nineteenth century, hundreds of them fled to the delta to escape being sent to Siberia by the Czars, and here in the marshes they were free to pursue their rigorous faith to its logical conclusion. As a result there are very few of them left, living in dwindling colonies at the fringes of the swamp. Their founding father, Selivanov, was a peasant mystic who launched one of the great psychic epidemics that swept Russia during the century before the Revolution. Proclaiming himself the Son of God incarnate, Selivanov made thousands of converts—including an astonishing number of army officers, priests, and noblemen—before he died in 1832, in his hundredth year. His teachings are based on a literal interpretation of Christ's counsel that "there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake" (Matthew 19 : 12), and on the more familiar admonition, "If thy right hand offend thee. . . ."

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But the Skoptsi have never advocated becoming extinct; on the contrary, they expect the Messiah to establish an empire of saints when the number of true believers reaches the mystical figure of 144,000 mentioned in the Book of Revelation: "These are they which were not defiled with women...." In actual practice, then, a Skoptsi couple is allowed to have one or even two children before the husband receives his so-called "baptism of fire."

"They live like normal people for a while," a delta game warden told me. "Then, three or four years after their first child is born, or perhaps only a few months—there doesn't seem to be any special time limit—a priest comes for a visit from another village, sometimes all the way from the other side of the delta, the Russian side. When our young man sees the priest coming with a bottle in one hand and a knife in the other, he knows his hour has struck. That night they get him so drunk that he passes out; the operation is performed without anaesthesia. Next day he's a Skopets in good standing, bearing the 'royal seal' of purity. It used to be the custom for women to amputate their breasts, but that practice seems to be dying out even more quickly than the other."

Now further than ever from their dream of twelve times twelve thousand saints, the few remaining Skoptsi lead unpersecuted but secretive lives as gardeners, bakers, beekeepers. They have a reputation for being very frail and susceptible to disease—"a child can push them over with his finger"—and the ones I met did not, in fact, strike me as particularly energetic. On the other hand, the bread we bought from a Skoptsi baker was the best to be had in the delta. Their neighbors, I noticed, seem to regard the Skoptsi with the same bemused tolerance that Haight-Ashbury extends its saints, perhaps also with a twinge of respect; the baptism of fire may be a particularly idiotic accomplishment, but an accomplishment nevertheless.

WHETHER Russian or Tatar, all the delta villages (except for the new cellulose-plant settlement at Maliuc) are built in the same essentially African style, with yellow and white adobe houses that rise like mushrooms out of the marshes. A few of them sit on stilts like lake dwellings, but most are built on low islands of sand and mud that have to be braced with wickerwork to keep the dry land—what there is of it—from slipping back into the primordial ooze.

It is the prevalence of mud, however, that makes it possible for everyone to build his own house. Bricks are molded from it by hand, mixed with reed straw in the biblical fashion, and brick walls are laid up with mud mortar, then plastered over with liberal applications of more mud to fill in the chinks. Roofs are thatched with bundles of golden reeds that turn gray with age and make an ideal nesting place for birds of all feathers: it is not unusual to see three families of storks nesting on a single roof. To keep the foxes out of his chickens the marshman will build a kraal fence of reeds plaited into a sort of herringbone pattern.

Inside, the houses are spartan and absolutely pure: whitewashed walls, reed matting on the floor, reed-stuffed mattresses on the bedsteads, a painted or lithographed ikon on the walls, or, among the Tatars, dark red-and-brown tapestries in patterns brought

from Turkestan. The water supply is a bucket dipped into the marsh just outside the back door. Most of the time it's too thick to drink and too thin to make bricks with. If you prefer a lighter shade of pale you are invited to paddle out aways and dip a tin cup overboard. Or, for the very fastidious, there is another recommended method: you suck the marsh water through the stem of a water lily, which filters out the mud without diminishing the flavor.

On land the unpaved village streets are dry with a vengeance, raising a cloud of dust and sand with every step. Definitely the elegant way to move about is by boat—the high-prowed, round-bottomed pirogue of the delta, which cuts through reed thicks like a knife and floats in less than a foot of water. To reach the pelican breeding grounds involves a day's journey in one of these, through a maze of uncharted waterways. On either side the reeds all but shut out the sun; you hear the chattering of a thousand unseen inhabitants. Though the channels are clogged with water lilies and floating islands of reed rhizomes, old Onofrio, the game warden, makes amazingly good time propelling you through this jungle with his long punting pole.

En route, if you meet a fisherman who has just emptied his trap nets, you can acquire the ingredients of the famous Danubian *ciorba* that upland Romanians can only dream about. Onofrio arranges the transaction: for a handful of cigarettes we can take our choice of a wriggling boatload of silver fishes. Onofrio selects three or four with a cluck of approval and dismisses the rest with a snort of contempt. Afterward, having added sundry greens borrowed from a lake dweller's muddy cabbage patch, he builds a fire under an enamel pot and lets the whole thing simmer for an hour or so. It makes a marvelous bouillabaisse, the secret of which, apparently, is that the fish are poached, not boiled.

Aside from *ciorba*, the delta is far from being a gourmet's paradise. They fish for sturgeon on the lower reaches of the river, where five-hundred-pound specimens are not uncommon, but the caviar goes directly to the canneries. There are no restaurants in the villages, and such stores as we came across were stocked mainly with slivovitz, an upland nectar that restores the spirit without sustaining the body. We did, however, manage to find cheese, bread, and black olives, on which one can dine for days without feeling underprivileged.

AT NIGHT the round bottom of the pirogue makes an acceptable bed when no other shelter is available; you wrap up in a blanket, taking care not to rock the boat, gaze up at a dazzling skyful of stars, and listen to the frogs. What puzzles me is how these frogs have learned to sing in four- and six-part polyphonic choruses. You hear thirty or fifty basses close by, intoning the identical rhythm in perfect unanimity: whop-bab, whop-bab, whop-bab. Then, slightly further off, a baritone section in cross-rhythm, chudda-chug, chudda-chug; in another direction the contraltos, tee-bee-bip, tee-bee-bip;

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and behind everything the sopranos in an irregular dotted figure, chic-dedah-dic. If this has been going on since frogs came on the scene, why did it take our composers so long to discover polyphony? As the boat moves, the sound patterns change constantly, as though you were passing through the corridor of a conservatory or the rehearsal rooms of a particularly crowded schola cantorum.

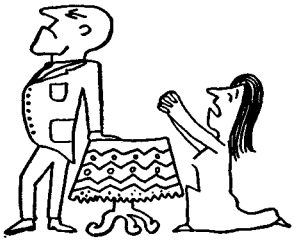
Sooner or later, on any azimuth through the marshes, you are bound to run across one of the three main arms of the river. The Danube twists through the delta as a muddy green boa constrictor (I doubt if anyone has ever seen it blue, even at Vienna); one moment you are punting along painfully in the shallows, scraping a sandbank every few feet; then suddenly the boat is almost torn from under you as the current seizes it, and you may be a mile downstream before the oars can be got into action.

The force of this river accounts for the tremendous rate at which the delta is expanding, with some seventy million tons of silt being dumped each year at the mouths of the estuary. Shifting sands have made this the most treacherous part of the Black Sea coast. A century ago, before artificial harbors were dredged, it was famous as a graveyard for ships. On a single stormy night in 1855, for example, twenty-four sailing ships and sixty lighters ran ashore here, with a loss of several hundred lives. Since then a whole new island of sand dunes, Sahalin, has gradually formed off the southern end of the delta. Though human beings must still pass through customs and passport control to visit it, the birds have already taken it over as an additional preserve. (There must be 144,000 of them by now.) With the coastline advancing nearly 250 feet a year, it is only a matter of time before this island, now entire unto itself, will become part of the main. The process has been going on for centuries; as recently as Roman times this whole area was merely a shallow bay dotted with islands. Here, for once, a wildlife sanctuary is growing steadily larger instead of smaller, and one has the satisfaction of knowing that, if a clod be washed away upstream, Europe is the more.

Less Stately Mansions

GERALD WEALES

One of the commonplaces of Eugene O'Neill criticism is that the most famous modern American playwright, the man who sparked what used to be called the revolution in American drama, filled his plays with devices, scenes, characters out of the nineteenth-century drama against which he was rebelling. Determinably a man of his century, obsessed by man's displacement in society and the universe, he constantly sought new ways of treating his recurrent themes—a search that brought him again and again to methods that he must have learned, perhaps unwillingly, in observing the theatre in which his father, James O'Neill, was a matinee idol or at least an institution as the Count in *Monte Cristo*. Ordinarily, when the analogy with nineteenth-century theatre is made, the emphasis is on the playwright's use of melodramatic devices, the grander the better, as in the poisoning scene



at the end of *Homecoming*, the first play in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, in which the guilty Christine faints and the vengeful Lavinia stops to snatch up the fatal pillbox before she delivers her curtain declamation to her dead father. In *More Stately Mansions*, the play that José Quintero carved out of an unfinished O'Neill manuscript, modeled in part on earlier versions mined by Karl Ragnar Gierow (performed in Sweden) and Donald Gallup (published by Yale), O'Neill's inheritance from his father and his father's theatre is more obvious and more extensive.

It was at the beginning of the third scene of the first act that I suddenly realized that what I was watching—despite the familiar O'Neill themes and the complicated if conventional psychology—was a very old-fashioned play. None of the stars was on stage. The initial distraction of Ingrid Bergman's beauty and Colleen Dewhurst's talent, which was beginning to wear off in any case, was not in operation. It would have been just as accurate to have shifted the qualities around in the sentence above, to have spoken of Dewhurst's beauty and Bergman's talent, since both have both in the complementary way so necessary to this drama.

In any case, neither of them was there to capture the eye of the audience when two stock characters stepped onto the purposely artificial set and began to speak in the strangely stilted language so characteristic of the play. One was the priggish younger son, rigid in manner and thought, the butt of the play's few jokes; the other was the avuncular bachelor, the inevitable friend of the family (a lawyer, of course), destined to love the heroine at a polite distance. They were not characters in a realistic sense, not suggestions of human beings. They were vehicles for performers, acting turns that could be fleshed out with mannerisms of speech and movement, correctness of costume. By the time they were joined by Deborah (Miss Bergman), the mother in O'Neill's mother-son-wife triangle, everything had fallen into place. *More Stately Mansions* was revealed as an empty shell peopled with hollow men.

The hollowness takes in the principal characters too, probably because the presumed seriousness in O'Neill's play gets in the way of their working like their nineteenth-century counterparts. Although characterization was primitive and sentiments very conventional in the plays of the last century, characters—like Lady Isabel in *East Lynne* or Lady Gay Spanker in *London Assurance*—gave performers elbow room in which to convert the dramatist's hints of heartbreak or vitality into

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genuine sentiment or comedy. That seems impossible in *More Stately Mansions.* The triangle play—the human play—is stifled by the fact that the characters seem to be concepts, conventional psychology made manifest—the mother as lover, the wife as mistress, the husband as little boy. More than that, they are representative figures in an abstract drama about the struggle between the spirit and the flesh, between the ideal and the material, as the two women, each representing one side of the hero's personality, pull at him, finally killing him in the process. They are never characters with depth, like those in *Long Day's Journey Into Night,* which would be necessary to take the play seriously. Nor are they incompletely conceived characters working in flamboyantly dramatic scenes—as with Christine and Lavinia in *Electra*—in which a passionate performance is possible, where the play becomes exciting at least. Emotion and significance are in conflict in the big scenes in *Mansions,* as in the final struggle, and it is a standoff. O'Neill's long, long thoughts come through as shallow as the rent crisis in *The Drunkard* or the mystery of the missing document in *Our American Cousin,* but without the *brio* that makes hearts pound as the villain is unmasked.

THIS SOUNDS like a criticism of the two actresses, and in a way I suppose it is. Yet it is not that simple. They are at their best in small effects that suggest the possibility of complicated character. Miss Bergman is fine in her flirtatious moments. Miss Dewhurst has a lovely bit in which, with the barest change of expression, she indicates that she has heard her mother's humility in her own voice and consents, almost grinning, to call her elegant mother-in-law by her first name. But too much of the time they are saddled with self-defining lines, crippled exclamations that they can neither subtilize nor declaim. At least they do neither.

The conflict between style and content in *More Stately Mansions* would not be so obvious if it were only a problem of characterizations. Character, pre-defined by type rather than by action, is not the only nineteenth-century element in the play. The lines have a stagily formal quality about them, as though the nineteenth-century setting had somehow seduced the dramatist into imagining that people really talked the way characters did in the old theatre. "I would like to utter a word of warning," says Simon and the line drops, portentously, as though it should have been introduced by an "ah hah!" and not as though it were a prelude to a statement of the central theme. O'Neill has never been called America's most eloquent playwright, but particularly in the later plays—for Hickey in *The Iceman Cometh* and Erie in *Hughie*—he created verbal patterns that at once helped define the character and communicate the emotional stress out of which the drama grew. By contrast, when the characters in *Mansions* open their mouths, out flop phrases like "duel to the death" and "greedy pride." When they step out of a dialogue scene and speak for themselves, they are not performing an interior monologue, like those in *Strange Interlude,* but its ancestor, the soliloquy. In his direction, Quintero has heightened the nineteenth-century feel of the play by placing the characters in formal patterns on stage, not simply the thematic formality of the man between his two women but confrontation scenes that look as though they might be frozen for the kind of tableau once used as visual tag at the end of acts.

IN THE last few years there have been an increasing number of books on nineteenth-century drama —collections, criticism, history—most of them designed to make us reconsider the virtues peculiar to the drama of that period. Whatever those virtues, they are not transferable. *More Stately Mansions* is a paste-up version of a thirty-year-old play decked out in century-old devices, and it is less a theatrical event than an act of respect to the memory of Eugene O'Neill. One that backfires, as it turns out, for the best comment on the play is still O'Neill's own, the note accompanying the typescript: "Unfinished Work. This script to be destroyed in case of my death!" He did not intend a public execution.

Revival

The anxious hours numb me
but day's clock counts a low
November sun still warm at noon,
fields with the smell of damp decay,
a hawk fetters mice to their furrows,
wind bends the stiff weeds. I write
the record on odds and ends of mind,
shaken by leaf-fall I would have
tramped through in happier years.
Now in a whirl of dry grass I read
the signs that end love, but the sun
throws its web over my face, blinds me
to shadows, and I see how wind speaks
in bare trees, the hawk lives his way
in the sky, mice stuff their burrows
with seeds, a man reads autumn's words
like a text for his thought and remembers
the sharp taste of salt on his tongue.

—JAMES HEARST

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Some Talk of Passchendaele

RICHARD C. WALD

Siegfried Sassoon was a Cambridge man. He went to Clare College and he remembered the dip in the Clare Bridge when he wrote *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*. In the Clare *Annual*, when I get it next spring, there will be, I am sure, a reminiscence of him, probably by some younger acquaintance, because when he died in September he was eighty and there cannot be too many of his classmates still around.

Clare is a small place in the Cambridge scheme of things, and when I went there as a somewhat foggy young man it seemed mainly populated by pre-med students. It also had a Dilettante Society whose function was to have amiable talk of an evening and in 1954 Sassoon came to visit us. I don't know whether he came often or what he was doing there. Maybe he came up to see Robert Graves, who was then arranging for his Clark Lectures at the university.

But as we gathered in the tutor's rooms after dinner there was this big, tweedy man with a rumpled face, rather withdrawn, maybe a little nervous, like a whale among cuttlefish, swimming cautiously. I don't remember what we discussed officially. We were drinking South African sherry, the curse of impoverished academe, but someone found a bottle of real whisky for our guest—he was after all, a poet. He said something about not really drinking before he began to drink.

Our scheduled talk was over reasonably soon, by 9:30 or ten, I suppose, and Sassoon began to speak a little about Cambridge in his day and then about Wilfred Owen. Had we ever read Owen? Did we understand what Owen was trying to do? He quoted to us some of Owen's poetry.

And he began to tell about the Western Front.

There was a quality to the sound, he said, that never left you. You could tell the differences in the kind of ammunition being used from the sound, but it wasn't just that kind of thing. It was the rawness, the sharpness of the sound. Nothing softened it. Nothing deadened it. Sometimes the Germans would be shooting at you for hours at a time, or your own people would be laying down a crawling barrage and you would sit there, or more likely stand there, and take it as though it were a physical punishment being handed to you alone.

Did we know what drinking was? Had we ever seen *Journey's End?* There was a truth to it that was hard to comprehend, but a friend of his, a boy who had gone to the front straight from Eton, was drinking two bottles of whisky a day when Sassoon last saw him. He was the last of ten boys who had come to France together as junior lieutenants, and he knew he was already dead. He had been wounded twice. He drank two bottles a day because he knew he would order his men to die, and he couldn't lead them, he couldn't take the sound or the responsibility.

And then—it was after eleven, and we were quiet—Sassoon started talking in the present tense. There was no transition at all, no change of thought, no new subject. But instead of gazing at the grate, he was staring at me as though he had to tell me something and what he said was:

"The worst thing is the mud. It's terrible out there. It's not mud as we know it here, you see. It eats men. It does. We put boards over it, duckboard you know. Sometimes you can't see it because the mud comes over it or through the spaces of the walks, so you follow the man in front very carefully. One of our fellows walked off it and drowned right there in the mud. I saw him go. He just went down so fast. . . . And you couldn't reach him.

"It comes up to the fire step sometimes. After our last assault we were coming back, quickly, sliding into our own trench and we stumbled into it. The step, you see . . . well, you have to step up onto it to fire. It's above the floor level. But there was no floor level. Just mud. It was cold, and those men are dying there in the mud.

"All this talk of gas is wrong. Nobody knows how to use it; at least none of our men does. And that mask is suffocating. The Seventh sometimes goes without them, they're such a bloody nuisance. But the mud . . . and its color and its cold. That's what the front is."

He was in an armchair, leaning forward and speaking to me and I was completely convinced that this sixty-seven-year-old man in front of me was telling me about the front as it was at that moment. He was totally compelling. And he knew all about it. In the front lines, when he was "Mad Jack" in the Seventh Division, he was one of the bravest figures in the British Army, winner of the Military Cross, recommended for the Victoria Cross. I didn't know that then and I wasn't aware of anything for more than an hour except that rough, compelling voice talking about the way it is and the horror of the way it is. He made the pain of the trenches more real than the musty smell of the room. And the man who writes about it best is Wilfred Owen, he said.

Wilfred Owen died in 1918, a week before the armistice. What he wrote best, he wrote after he met Sassoon at Craiglockhart, the neurological center run by Dr. Rivers. Sassoon was there because walking in the South of England on leave in 1917 he could hear the shells still around him; because he told Robert Graves that in Piccadilly he could see the green and stinking corpses of the Somme; because he wrote a letter to the *Times* that began, "I am making this statement as an act of willful defiance of military authority, because I believe that the war is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it," and his friends thought it better he be committed rather than court-martialed.

Graves, who told the story in *Goodbye to All That*, came to Cambridge later that year and declared that the world has paid too little attention to the "extraordinary five years of Siegfried Sassoon's efflorescence." On the other hand, Michael Thorpe has published this year a

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critical study of Sassoon to say you shouldn't think of the war poems and the *Memoirs* only, when you think of Sassoon. There is more to the man and his work.

I SUPPOSE SO. But when I read Sassoon's obituary recently, that odd night in John Northam's rooms came back vividly and all of that intense, vanishing, painful ambivalence about the Great War and the men it claimed came to mind again.

What started Sassoon's efflorescence was the Somme offensive of 1916. Before that, he had written prettily, read Catullus and been generally in favor of patriotism and the glory of war. On July 1, 1916, when the Allied push started, the British Army suffered sixty thousand casualties in one day. A third of them died. That's more dead than all the Americans who have died in Vietnam since 1961. At Passchendaele, in the mud, they bought five miles for four hundred thousand men. On the village crosses in rural Britain, the names of those killed in the Great War far outnumber those of the Second World War. Until recent years, the front benches in Parliament always included at least one or two men who still showed the scars of that war. And no one knows what men might have emerged from the ranks of the schoolboys who never returned.

There's a forgetting now of the great tide of emotion that war left behind. But it exists in a muffled way and you can run across it in odd times. I once interviewed David Jones about *In Parenthesis*, and he said that he can spend hours at a time, hours uncalled for and unwanted, remembering the war but not speaking about it. In the summer of 1959, a great and glorious summer, you could hear slightly nervous, abashed comments in London from men who thought something bad might happen because it was just like this in that shining summer of 1914.

Sassoon wrote in "Sick Leave," "When I'm asleep, dreaming and lulled and warm, they come, the homeless ones, the noiseless dead . . . They whisper to my heart." He was the poet of that emotion, and I think perhaps he heard the dead until he died.

BOOKS

When the Sun Set...

GORDON A. CRAIG

NO END OF A LESSON: THE STORY OF SUEZ, by Anthony Nutting. *Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. $5.*

SUEZ, by Hugh Thomas. *Harper & Row. $5.95.*

Seven years ago, when *Full Circle*, that part of Anthony Eden's memoirs which dealt with the Suez crisis of 1956, was published, reviewers noted that the former Prime Minister was much more outspoken about the delinquencies of American foreign policy in that affair than he was about the methods of his own, and some of them suggested that his spirited assaults upon Secretary Dulles were intended to divert attention from British actions. It was certainly true that he showed a curious reluctance in his account to discuss his relations with the French government in the weeks before the onset of hostilities in Egypt, or the related question of the extent to which the two powers were committed to the use of force against that country. The impression left by *Full Circle* was that the high-level Anglo-French meetings that aroused so much speculation in October, 1956, dealt with the danger of a war breaking out between Israel and Jordan rather than with Egyptian affairs; that with respect to the latter, Anglo-French efforts to use economic pressure to effect a peaceful solution of the crisis caused by Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal were balked by the obtuseness of American policy; and that the partners were subsequently forced to intervene in Egypt by an unforeseen Israeli action that threatened to cause a major confrontation of great powers in the Middle East.

Eden's account was not entirely convincing even in 1960, and it is almost painful to reread it now, after one has read Anthony Nutting's memoir on the crisis. In 1956 Nutting was Minister of State in the British Foreign Office and his country's representative in the U.N. General Assembly. He was in close touch with Eden and his Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, throughout the Suez affair, had frequent opportunity to discuss their views with them, and in the end was so appalled by their policy that he submitted his resignation before it reached its fateful culmination. In his story of those crowded weeks, he makes it all too evident that Eden's account is, to put it mildly, disingenuous.

THE SALIENT POINTS of Nutting's indictment are, first, that Eden was determined to destroy Nasser even before the Egyptian leader had seized the canal; second, that in all the subsequent diplomatic talks and conferences he was interested only in formulas that would be unacceptable to Nasser and that, in effect, he sabotaged a promising compromise solution worked out by Selwyn Lloyd and the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Dr. Mahmoud Fawzi, in New York in October; third, that while this solution was still under discussion he held talks with French representatives at Chequers on October 14 and listened sympathetically to their plan for an Israeli attack against Egypt across the Sinai Peninsula, which would give the British and French a pretext to intervene and seize the canal; fourth, that he subsequently made this plan his own and, even before he had persuaded his cabinet to accept it, as they did with some misgivings on October 25, promised the still hesitant Israelis that he would support their operations with air strikes against Egyptian airfields and installations; fifth, that he used the rumor of pending Israeli action against Jordan as a tactical feint to distract Nasser and to allay the growing suspicions of the U.S. government; and sixth, that once hostilities began, he was less than honest in his answers to questions raised in the House of Commons and, when his gamble at Suez finally failed, was re-

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duced to making a statement there that was a palpable mistruth when he said that "there was not foreknowledge that Israel would attack Egypt."

HUGH THOMAS, whose career has included posts in the Foreign Office and with the British delegation to the U.N. disarmament subcommittee, is now professor of history at the University of Reading in England. He has written that one of the difficulties confronting the historian who seeks to deal with this crisis is the dearth of written evidence bearing on it and has suggested that this will probably never be repaired, since "if [official papers] existed, they seem to have been destroyed at the time, or soon after." In *Suez*, his own skillful reconstruction of the events of the autumn of 1956, which appeared before Nutting's but reached very similar conclusions, Thomas was forced to rely upon the oral testimony of people who for the most part preferred to remain anonymous. This evidence is perhaps better than none at all, but it is not easy to evaluate. (What is one to make of the statement attributed by Thomas to "an Adviser" to the effect that, because of drugs prescribed by his physician to relieve his bile ailment, Eden was "in a state of acute intoxication in the technical sense of the word" during the critical events of October?) The importance of Nutting's account is that he has signed it, and, until Lord Avon or Selwyn Lloyd contests his charges, they must be given credence.

How are we to account for Eden's abandoning the relatively safe ground of diplomacy and embarking upon the devious courses that led to his luckless experiment with preventive war? Thomas has two explanations: first, that Eden was the prisoner of his own past, seeing in Nasser another Hitler and fighting against him the fight he had wished to fight against the original in the years 1936-1938; and second, that he was "a sacrificial figure for the nation's illusions," failing, like most Englishmen, to appreciate Britain's loss of real power and sensing that the country was tired of the subordinate position it had occupied in world affairs since 1945 and "would welcome some daring stroke of foreign policy independent of the U.S.A."—a feeling that he shared himself, thanks to his profound dislike of John Foster Dulles.

Nutting, who was close to Eden in those critical months, gives a somewhat different picture. Basically, he believes, Eden's tragedy was rooted in his elevation to the office of Prime Minister in succession to Winston Churchill. When financial and economic difficulties began to harass his government in 1955, the Conservative press was not slow to point out that he was not the leader his predecessor had been and to accuse him of weakness. These charges stung, and when his domestic problems were compounded by new setbacks in his acknowledged field of competence, foreign affairs, he was so intent on disproving them that he overreacted.

The beginning of the Suez imbroglio was not, in Nutting's opinion, the American decision to renege on the promised financing of the Aswan Dam, or even Nasser's seizure of the canal, but an event that preceded both of these, the abrupt decision of King Hussein of Jordan to dismiss the commander of his armed forces, the English soldier Glubb Pasha. Wholly unreasonably, Eden decided that this was a major affront to Great Britain, that its real author was Nasser, and that in consequence —as he told Nutting over the telephone—the Egyptian ruler must be forced from office. ("I want him destroyed, can't you understand? . . . I don't want an alternative, and I don't give a damn if there's anarchy and chaos in Egypt!") From this point on, Nutting believes, "Eden completely lost his touch. Gone was his old uncanny sense of timing, his deft feel for negotiation. Driven by impulses of pride and prestige and nagged by mounting sickness, he began to behave like an enraged elephant charging senselessly at invisible and imaginary enemies in the international jungle."

THERE WILL BE those who will argue, on the basis of the history of the Middle East since 1956, that the enemies were not as invisible and imaginary as Nutting seems to believe, that Eden was basically correct in his estimation of Nasser's potentiality for troublemaking, and that, this being so, he was justified in adopting the means he employed. But if one is going to be Machiavellian, one must not stop halfway; and Eden's trouble was, as Aneurin Bevan said at the time, that he was unskilled in skulduggery. In a perceptive passage, Thomas writes: "Eden was a statesman whose politics, if sometimes debatable, had always been characterized by honesty. Neither he nor his Ministers could bring themselves to believe that they had left that familiar territory; once away, they remained there as short a time as possible . . . and came back hardly able to believe . . . that they had ever been away from home."

This halfhearted approach to duplicity had awkward results. Although he had in fact committed Great Britain to the support of Israel, Eden was unwilling to make an actual alliance with that state and consequently gained none of the advantages that such a contract might have brought. Although the British cabinet was aware of Israel's intentions, the commanders of the British expeditionary force were not, and their plans suffered. Again, although the closest deep-water port from which British troops could be transshipped to Egypt was at Malta, six sailing days away, the troops were not allowed to begin embarkation before Israel's advance had begun and the allied ultimatum had expired, lest the extent of the collusion with Israel become known. "The scenario," Thomas writes tartly, "was . . . allowed to dictate the timing of the military moves," and the resultant delays proved in the end to be fatal to the whole enterprise.

The resultant debacle proved fatal to Eden too. Even if he had not been a sick man, it is unlikely that he could have weathered the parliamentary storms that now blew in Britain. There was recognition of his sincere belief that failure to act as he had acted against Nasser would have struck a critical blow against the vital interests of the nation he was pledged to defend, but it was not accepted as an excuse for his conduct of affairs. He retired now into the limbo of British politics, a living proof of the wisdom of Bismarck's dictum that resorting to preventive war is like committing suicide because you are afraid to die.

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The Spinach Is the Message

GLENDY CULLIGAN

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, by Marylin Bender. *Coward-McCann. $6.95* until January 1, 1968; *$7.95* thereafter.

"Beautiful people" don't win beauty contests; none of them, of course, would be seen at Atlantic City in any weather. Their expensive sun shines only on Newport, the Hamptons, or Palm Beach in season. From town houses or the Dakota apartments ("the only socially acceptable address on Manhattan's West Side") they descend on Fifth Avenue like benevolent locusts to outfit themselves for the long hard winter of benefit balls. There, with a few suave merchants, they form a mutual admiration society to launch styles and reputations, for by word and deed, they subscribe to "the fashion industry's creed that appearance controls destiny." Or so Marylin Bender maintains in her shrill exposé of what she considers a strange new breed of American female.

From her vantage point on the woman's page of the New York *Times*, Miss Bender has observed "the separate and unequal worlds of American fashion and American society . . . united in a blissful marriage of convenience." From this union emerged in the 1960's what she calls the superconsumers, a synonym for the Beautiful People of her title.

Whatever they may be called—another ironic synonym is "the ladies"—the name of their game is spending and their trump is clothing, which they use as "a tool in the frantic effort to prove personal or commercial merit." They don't need Betty Furness to tell them the difference between the giant and the large economy size, but they do swear by favorite brands—Valentino, DeBusschère, Vivier, Gucci (likewise Pucci), Van Schaak, Vuitton, or Schlumberger. Purveying dresses, shoes, purses, luggage, and jewelry, more or less in that order, these

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gentlemen cater to the Cadillac trade, for secure people "do not have to ride a Rolls."

By the canons of such tastemakers, "a diamond pin is not very interesting or fun," whereas a piece of costume jewelry costing $3,500 can be "amusing." At Henri Bendel's (pronounced Henry *Ben'*del's by the BP) a "little nothing" dress may cost $400 and a little something $2,500 or more. Those who wear them meet at La Grenouille or Le Mistral to eat and be photographed. To play the consumer game, you cannot be a shrinking violet.

In the brash new world that Miss Bender describes, effective packaging counts for more than effective hormones, which may explain the purported influence of homosexuals. Good relations with the press are more important than bloodlines, although some of "the ladies" started life with names like Cushing or Vanderbilt. Those who were not to the mannerism born struck it rich in real estate or construction. Others rose through the dark canyons of the garment district to their present place in the flashbulb sun. Assiduous first-name dropping propels the clever ones upward; "very rich and socially insecure women" may have to hire a press agent to drum them over the goal.

Despite Miss Bender's assumption that "sexiness and fashion leadership are incompatible," most of "the ladies" need a man to pay their bills, preferably "a spouse who travels a lot on business and acquiesces to his wife's gadding about with her dress designer." By way of example, Miss Bender quotes Mrs. Leonard (Baby Jane) Holzer, a sometime actress for Andy Warhol. "I don't know if my husband objects to my working. I don't see too much of him," Mrs. Holzer is said to have told a reporter.

Although Miss Bender insists that "multitudes" can identify Judy, Cristina, Amanda, and Gloria (Mesdames Samuel P. Peabody, Henry Ford II, S. Carter Burden, Jr., and Wyatt Cooper), I suspect that only The Most Beautiful Person of All truly needs no introduction. In Jacqueline Kennedy, "fashion had its first superconsuming goddess enthroned in the White House." To the author, Mrs. Kennedy deserves credit for redeeming American fashion "from the Puritan ethic of sin" and for introducing the great mass of American women to "the esoteric points of high-fashion philosophy." Miss Bender sees political significance in this last achievement, for "Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson was forced to smarten up." Even more important as '68 nears, "no politician's wife could afford to be negligent about clothes" thereafter. (Nevertheless, *Women's Wear Daily* dubbed the State of the Union message disappointing as a fashion event.)

As Boswell of the BP, Miss Bender demonstrates a sharp eye, some wit, and a vast innocence of history. Her gleanings provide surprises for us and grist for some future Mary McCarthy: two out of five American teen-agers have charge accounts, thirteen per cent of teenage girls own false eyelashes, and Americans of all ages spend $9 million a year on Chanel No. 5. In addition, her selected Madison Avenue malapropisms illustrate the fatuity of much modern merchandising: one ad-writer chose a young girl model for Dentu-Creme "so that the audience will identify youth with dentures," while a dress manufacturer hired a wealthy fashion commentator "strictly on her ability and not on the basis of her socialism."

For such plums, and for much useful information about the fashion industry, we thank Miss Bender. Her book nevertheless fails by any serious criteria of excellence because it attacks an ersatz target with souped-up indignation. The creed that she attributes to a venal fashion industry in the present decade actually originated when Neolithic man certified his marksmanship by wearing bear-tooth jewelry. Before and after Veblen (whom Miss Bender ignores), conspicuous consumption has not only characterized every affluent era but enflamed every pessimistic scribe. Spartan debutantes in a seventh-century B.C. ode scoffed at "pomp and purple"; Saint-Simon more than two thousand years later derided a forerunner of the superconsumers who "had only just begun to appear in society and was marvellously over-dressed." Despite that acid note, Saint-Simon foreshadowed

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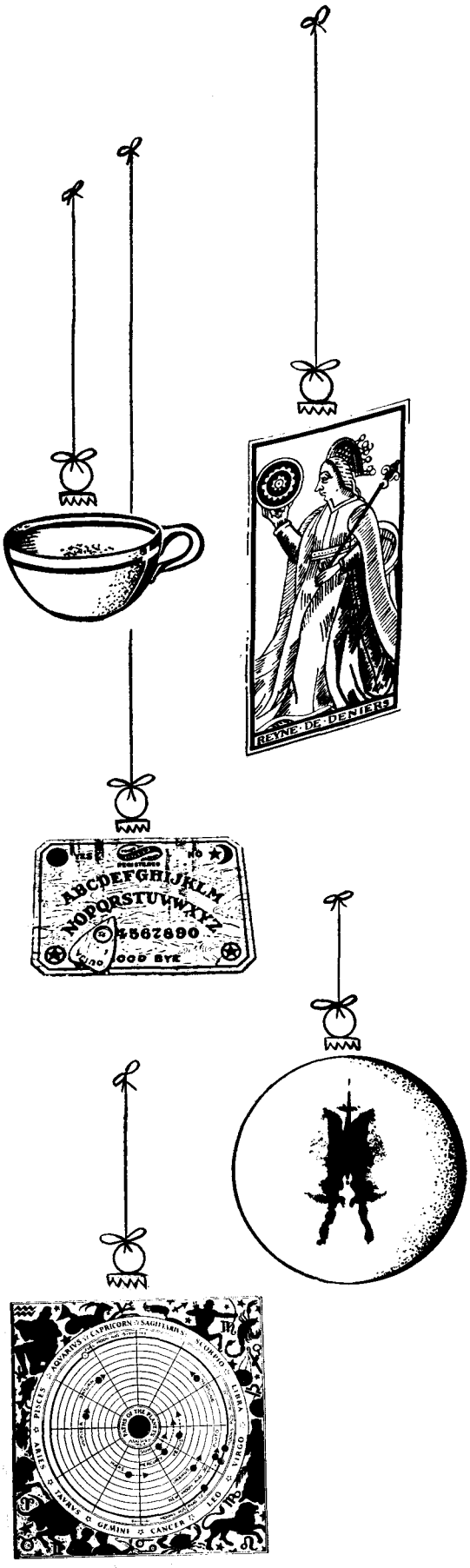

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George J. Alexander

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the "servile press" that Miss Bender castigates. When Louis XIV ordered "some more resplendent coats," Saint-Simon could scarcely conceal his applause at the court's response:

"Each one tried to surpass the rest in magnificence and originality. There was scarcely enough gold and silver to go round and the shops were emptied in a few days. . . . Things went to such a pitch that the King . . . said that he failed to understand how husbands could be so foolish as to allow themselves to be ruined for their wives' clothes . . . [yet] in his heart of hearts the King . . . thoroughly enjoyed . . . the display of rich materials and curious workmanship . . . As for Mme. de Saint-Simon and myself, it cost us twenty thousand francs between us. . . ."

Pepys similarly vilified Sir John Pickering for coming "like an asse, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague." Yet within two weeks, the diarist "made myself as fine as I could, with the linning stockings and wide canons that I bought at Hague" and by June 10, 1660, proudly "put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life." *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même lamentation.* In every age, fashion has been called spinach by those who deplore (often while emulating) its excesses.

JUST AS critics of Vanity Fair have sounded much the same sour note since Ecclesiastes, so disciples of display have varied little whether they were called courtiers, café society, or jet set. During our own time, however, there have been two changes that Miss Bender casually documents without appropriate stress. Both the geography and the economics of high fashion are significantly new.

French tyranny of taste, achieved in the splendid century when "all fashionable women adopted French models," survived the guillotine and finally conquered Europe more durably than Napoleon. Contributing factors were the superiority of Lyons silk and the invention of the engraved fashion plate in the late eighteenth century This last device, issued as James Laver tells us "in enormous numbers," carried the fame of French dressmaking around

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the world, but it also sowed the seeds of its downfall. For thereafter, though a cat could dress like a queen—and many would—the *haute couture* chose to ignore the increasing middle-class appreciation of style the fashion plate had first stimulated. By eliminating so many royal customers, the First World War began the erosion of French supremacy that was expedited by the Second and by the test tubes of Du Pont.

Although she offers much evidence of the new prestige of ready-to-wear and of the independence of American and British designers, Miss Bender balks at interpretation of these economically important trends. Her only valid subject, the international democracy of modern taste, is smothered by her pique at various rival journalists and by her anxiety over the fraternization between Fifth and Seventh Avenues. (Honestly, who cares where Bill Blass eats dinner?) Actually, even that is old hat. Worth's biographer, Edith Saunders, describes the couturier's friendship with the Duc de Morny and his tea parties for aristocratic friends of the Empress. George Painter, Proust's biographer, discovered that the Comtesse de Greffuhle—the prototype for the Duchesse de Guermantes—"arranged daring little parties at which the modistes of Paris met and conferred with the arbiters of fashion."

That familiar scene along Swann's and Guermantes' way led quite naturally to the events that Miss Bender describes with naïve indignation. Indeed, a friend of the Comtesse de Greffuhle anticipated the present volume when she told the aging beauty: "Never fear, my dear, so long as you dress as you do, people will always turn and stare." Proust, agreeing, eternalized that flamboyance.

Vance Packard, whose hysterical pitch to the box office Miss Bender emulates, at least identified rapid upward mobility as a feature of modern industrial society. Long before him, Tao revealed that only those knowing the value of the useless can talk about the useful. Had Miss Bender studied either of them she might have tempered her ire against what she calls "pop celebrities" to produce a more profound work of cultural history.

"The question is whether we are prepared to dare..."

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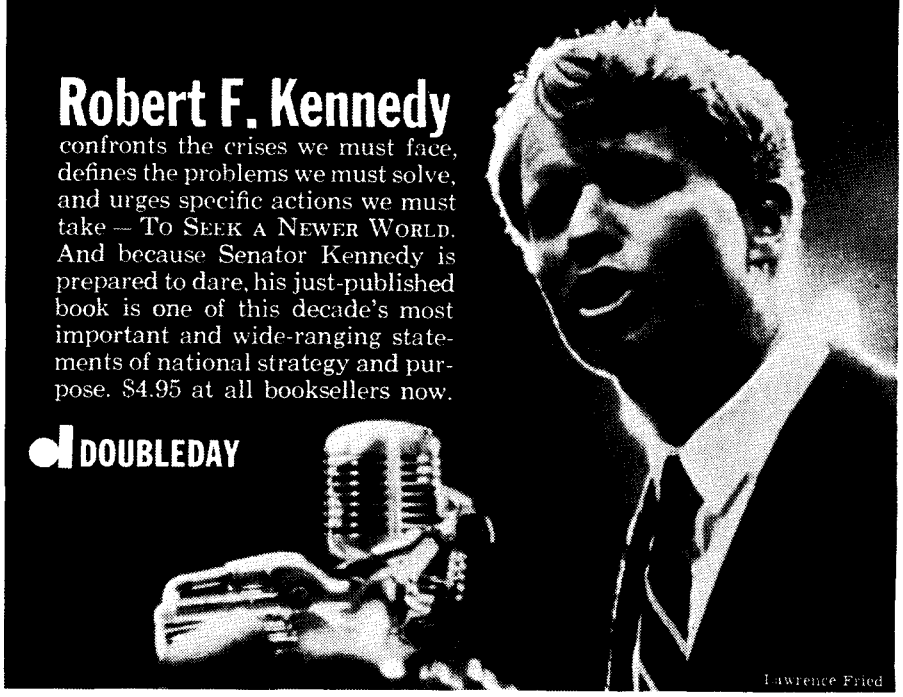

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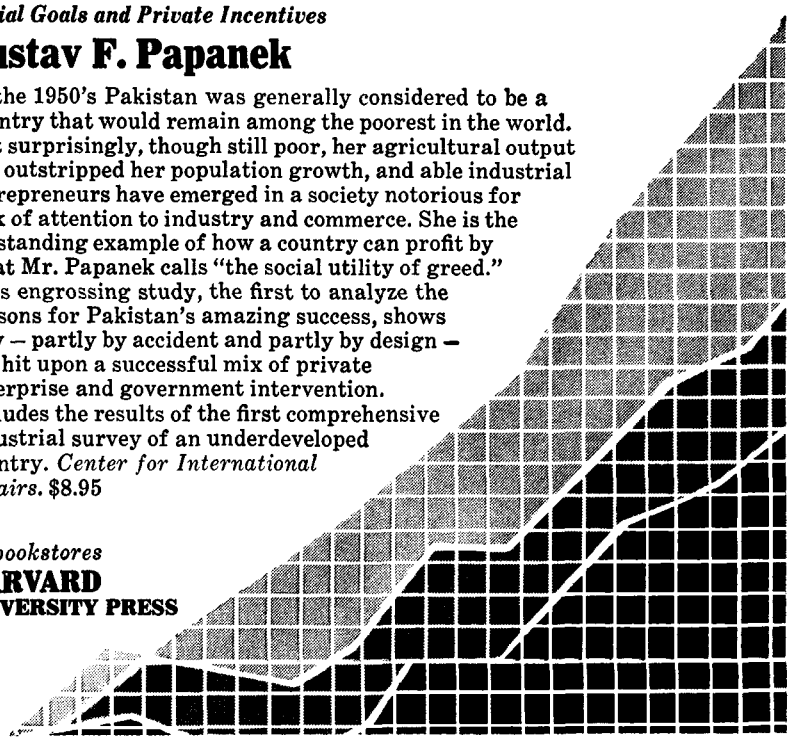

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Homecoming

PETER SCHRAG

NORTH TOWARD HOME, by Willie Morris. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.*

Ever since Crèvecoeur asked the classic question "What is an American?," our writers and critics have been searching for a point of view sufficiently distant to provide perspective yet close enough to avert the most meaningless of generalities. (The most effective, of course—Tocqueville, Bryce, Myrdal—have not been Americans at all, but Europeans whose vision was simultaneously distinct and sympathetic.) Many contemporary intellectuals writing about America have become ever more detached, but with hardly a platform on which to stand. While the most significant Americans—politicians like Jackson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt, writers like Frost and Faulkner—have been steeped in a regional idiom, the critics seem increasingly to travel in intellectual orbits that have ideological origin but no local roots. They have a country but often they lack a sense of place.

North Toward Home is, at least in part, a young man's response to the problem of critical overkill—not to intellectual and personal alienation, but to the presumptions that make it fashionable. The book might properly be subtitled "The Education of Willie Morris," in which education is a triangular odyssey from Yazoo City in the Mississippi Delta to Austin, Texas, to New York, and where Willie Morris, now the editor of *Harper's*, is part Henry Adams, part Huck Finn, and part pioneer with a compass that jammed while it was pointing north instead of west. Most of all, Morris is an American because he speaks in the accent of a region, in this case the South; he can write about his country because he knows whence he came, and why. He is also a very funny man who has produced a magnificent book. Autobiography it surely is, peopled with the great and small of Texas politics and New York publishing, and full of anecdotal color; but just as surely it is the profile of something highly significant, something fundamental in the meaning of America.

Morris, now thirty-three, has a Norman Rockwell background—boy with dog, sleepy parishioner at Methodist affairs, fair baseball player—that was complicated by the ambiguities of race and identity endemic in the small Southern town. Affection for the little colored boys on the streets of Yazoo City is mixed with an explosive brutality toward the same people seen as "niggers." Simultaneously there runs the powerful strain of Old South tradition and national sentiment—the ancestors who resisted secession, and their immediate descendants committed to decency, even when local prejudice ran altogether in contrary directions.

MORRIS discovered books and ideas at the University of Texas in the 1950's, then hardly distinguished as a place seething with intellectual ferment. He was thus doubly fortunate, fortunate in that his father sent him out of Mississippi, fortu-

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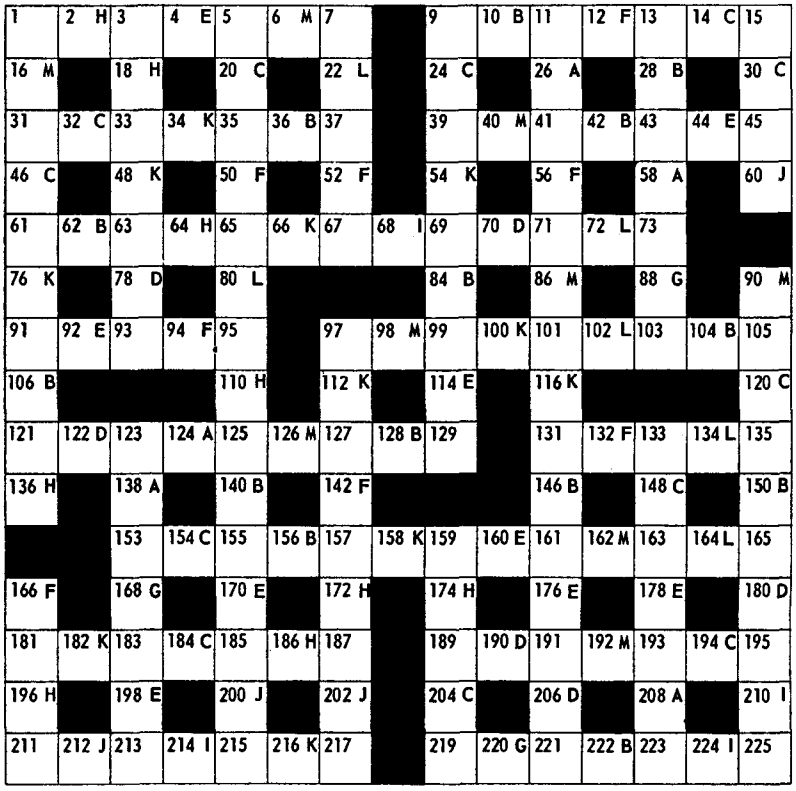
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 180

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
$\overline{58}$ $\overline{138}$ $\overline{26}$ $\overline{208}$ $\overline{124}$ Explorer of the South Pacific.

B
$\overline{146}$ $\overline{10}$ $\overline{36}$ $\overline{140}$ $\overline{84}$ $\overline{104}$ $\overline{42}$ $\overline{62}$ $\overline{156}$ $\overline{28}$ $\overline{150}$ $\overline{106}$ $\overline{222}$ $\overline{128}$ Everybody in possession of what belongs to him (4,3,4,3).

C
$\overline{20}$ $\overline{148}$ $\overline{24}$ $\overline{30}$ $\overline{120}$ $\overline{184}$ $\overline{14}$ $\overline{46}$ $\overline{194}$ $\overline{32}$ $\overline{204}$ $\overline{154}$ Ornamental plant of the ericaceous group.

D
$\overline{70}$ $\overline{78}$ $\overline{180}$ $\overline{122}$ $\overline{206}$ $\overline{190}$ One place frequented by Word A.

E
$\overline{44}$ $\overline{4}$ $\overline{114}$ $\overline{92}$ $\overline{178}$ $\overline{170}$ $\overline{198}$ $\overline{160}$ $\overline{176}$ Kind of tracking antenna.

F
$\overline{166}$ $\overline{50}$ $\overline{52}$ $\overline{56}$ $\overline{94}$ $\overline{142}$ $\overline{12}$ $\overline{132}$ Scene of naval battle with the British in 1813 (4,4).

G
$\overline{168}$ $\overline{220}$ $\overline{88}$ The male of various animals.

H
$\overline{172}$ $\overline{110}$ $\overline{196}$ $\overline{136}$ $\overline{2}$ $\overline{174}$ $\overline{64}$ $\overline{18}$ $\overline{186}$ I give permission (2,2,5).

I
$\overline{210}$ $\overline{68}$ $\overline{224}$ $\overline{214}$ Means of transport for Huck, Jim, the King, and the Duke.

J
$\overline{212}$ $\overline{60}$ $\overline{202}$ $\overline{200}$ Language of Highland Celts.

K
$\overline{182}$ $\overline{112}$ $\overline{54}$ $\overline{66}$ $\overline{48}$ $\overline{216}$ $\overline{76}$ $\overline{116}$ $\overline{100}$ $\overline{158}$ $\overline{34}$ Iberia in winter (6,5).

L
$\overline{22}$ $\overline{72}$ $\overline{80}$ $\overline{102}$ $\overline{134}$ $\overline{164}$ Name by which the British traitor William Joyce was known in World War II (3,3).

M
$\overline{192}$ $\overline{126}$ $\overline{6}$ $\overline{162}$ $\overline{98}$ $\overline{86}$ $\overline{40}$ $\overline{16}$ $\overline{90}$ What American trains run on as opposed to the famous Tokyo or Disneyland one (4,5).

ACROSS

1. What may the claim be for the distiller.
9. Work of the Acrostician.
31. Let lo croon over the river...
39. and also lies if boost will do (4,3).
61. Wander insanely with a lost dog following (2,5,6).
91. Skin disease with spot in ear.
97. Does this test give the racers a hot time? (5,4).
121. Kind of politician to fly correctly (5,4).
131. Retire or recover the head?
153. Weather forecast for the Antarctic? (8,5).
181. Beverage for a cadet, that is (4,3).
189. A measure and a bother make up a fish.
211. Finest grain or finest drink?
219. How fast or how? bird!

DOWN

1. This is often made short, conversationally (1,4,5).
3. Vain Lem or Sade, perhaps (4,3).
5. Not where 9 across is, but many think so when you breathe war today (8,7).
7. Strangling when you echo Kyrie eleison.
9. What to do with a line to seek a compliment? (2,7).
11. Leftist gifts? (7,8).
13. I allow to pass or I rented (3,2,2).
15. Kind of smell found in good 31 across.
90. Doesn't make a long halt? (5,5).
97. Position next to where 90 down reversed may be (5,4).
123. Lugs ten wheat ingredients.
133. A rich go for a choral leader.
159. Historian Snope, perhaps.
166. Arm or leg of an evil imbroglio.

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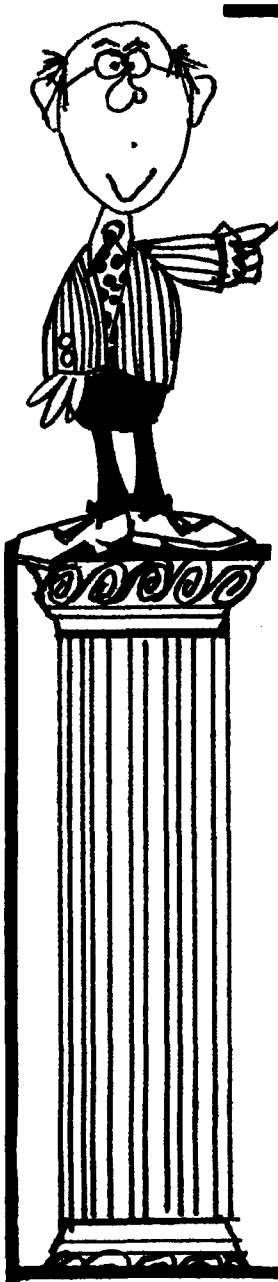

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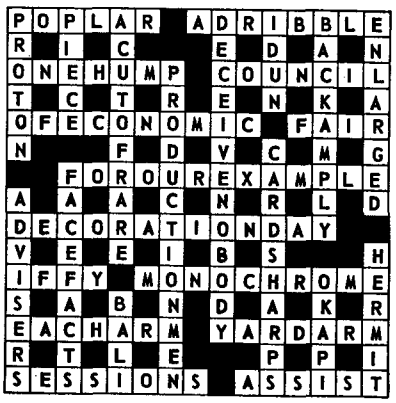
Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #179

Acrostician—

GARDNER ACKLEY



nate in falling into one of the rare civilized corners of an institution where football, fraternities, and McCarthyism, rather than academic competence, were the characteristic attributes. How it happened we shall never know—Morris himself doesn't know—but what it meant is beautifully described:

"If places like City College or Columbia galvanized the young New York intellectuals already drenched in literature and polemics, the University of Texas had, in its halting, unsure, and often frivolous way, to teach those of us with good minds and small-town high school diplomas that we were intelligent human beings, with minds and hearts of our own that we might learn to call our own, that there were some things, many things—ideas, values, choices of action—worth committing one's self to and fighting for, that a man in some instances might become morally committed to honoring every manifestation of individual conscience and courage. Yet the hardest task at the University of Texas . . . was to separate all the extraneous and empty things that can drown a young person there, as all big universities can drown its young people, from the few simple things that are worth living a life by."

In the early 1950's, Morris reminds us, the University of Texas "was trying desperately to come up in the world." As editor of the undergraduate *Daily Texan*, he tried to help it along, battling administration, regents, and legislature on behalf of the academic freedom and intelligence that the university, in a particularly severe spasm of mindlessness, had all but given up. The resulting editorial battles, founded not only on the traditions of English liberty but in a sort of Populist cussedness that was as much Mississippi as it was Magna Carta, drove the university authorities to the edge of academic dementia. Nevertheless, Morris maintained his position and that of the paper and ultimately (to the university's credit) graduated as a Rhodes scholar. Thus, a bare four years after he had first taken the bus out of Yazoo City, Willie Morris went to Oxford to read history.

He doesn't tell us much about

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the Oxford years; perhaps, like Henry Adams at Harvard, he "didn't learn anything." More likely, the experience was simply too un-American to find a place in the account, an autobiographical non sequitur out of place in the triangular pilgrimage from Mississippi to New York. Within four years, at any rate, Morris was back in Austin, this time as the editor of the rambunctious liberal *Texas Observer*, no doubt the best political journal in the state. And once again he did battle with the legislature. But what is fascinating about all this is the reminder, so often forgotten in New York, that virile liberalism was not invented in an editorial office or a faculty club, that the Maury Mavericks were as Texan as the Martin Dieses and the Allan Shiverses. The embattled liberals of the South are as tough and colorful as their conservative opponents, and they have always enriched our politics as well as our language. During a debate in the Texas legislature on cutting state aid for illegitimate children, a drawling Southern liberal declared, "I'm not so much concerned with the natural bastards as I am with the self-made ones." At another time he said that he wore his old slouch hat because "a man with a hat like that and a drawl like this couldn't be a liberal."

ULTIMATELY, Morris's road led to New York, to a job at *Harper's*, and to a series of personal and professional encounters with the intelligentsia of the place that Morris calls "the Big Cave." New York becomes home, not because that's where the heart is (or even, as Frost used to say, because it was the place where, if you go there, they have to take you in), but because, for better or worse, that's where the action is, and because its very distance gives the Americanism of Texas and Mississippi its meaning. (For the Huck Finns of the South and West, New York is a new territory.) Henry James's innocents discovered their Americanness abroad. Willie Morris, like so many others, discovered theirs in the Big Cave: "You did not have to go to your sources again to survive; one's past was inside of a man anyway; it would remain there forever." Americans, Benét

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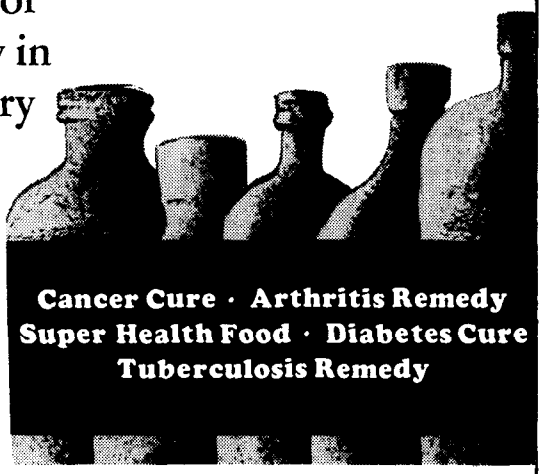

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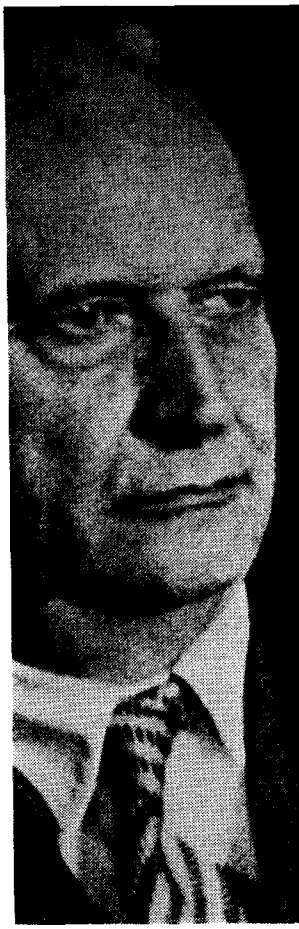

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wrote, are always moving on. Perhaps it is the moving itself that makes them what they are.

Because Willie Morris became a thinker through conversion or mutation, not through birth, he is one of those for whom the method of intelligence always has something of a gee-whiz quality. Many (like Morris himself) later discover that the intellectuals by birth regard the new arrivals as rustics and innocents who haven't learned the fundamentals of cocktail-party nihilism. But the newcomers to the heavenly city have the saving grace of the conversion itself, and of the sense of place that never quite fades. They are immigrants to intelligence because they *chose* to come:

"For what one learned after some experience with the city was the considerable limitations of intelligence, intelligence per se and isolated: too many people who had it and were emotionally crippled, too many people who had it and cared little or not at all for human beings. Intelligence was not enough."

What saved Morris from New York, in short, was Mississippi and Texas. If that sounds like a moral or a message, let's all make the most of it. The point is not to mix the learning of New York with the manners of Mississippi (or, God help us, vice versa), but to know that intelligence is more than plumage in the jungles of rhetoric. Ultimately the characteristic American style, in the mode of intelligence as in everything else, is affirmative. Criticism, reform, and radicalism in this country have always been informed by an idealism that wished to say yes. Simultaneously they have often been affected by a sense of place, by a distinctly regional point of view. America is, in a deep sense, a product of the romantic and adventurous corners of the European imagination. Many who came did not find what they expected; but their very expectations, their will to believe, converted what was into a new reality: wherever possible, fact was altered to fit the dream. Belief in conversion, above all, may be the supreme American characteristic. In articulating that belief, often with lyricism and always with humor, *North Toward Home* is a supremely American book.

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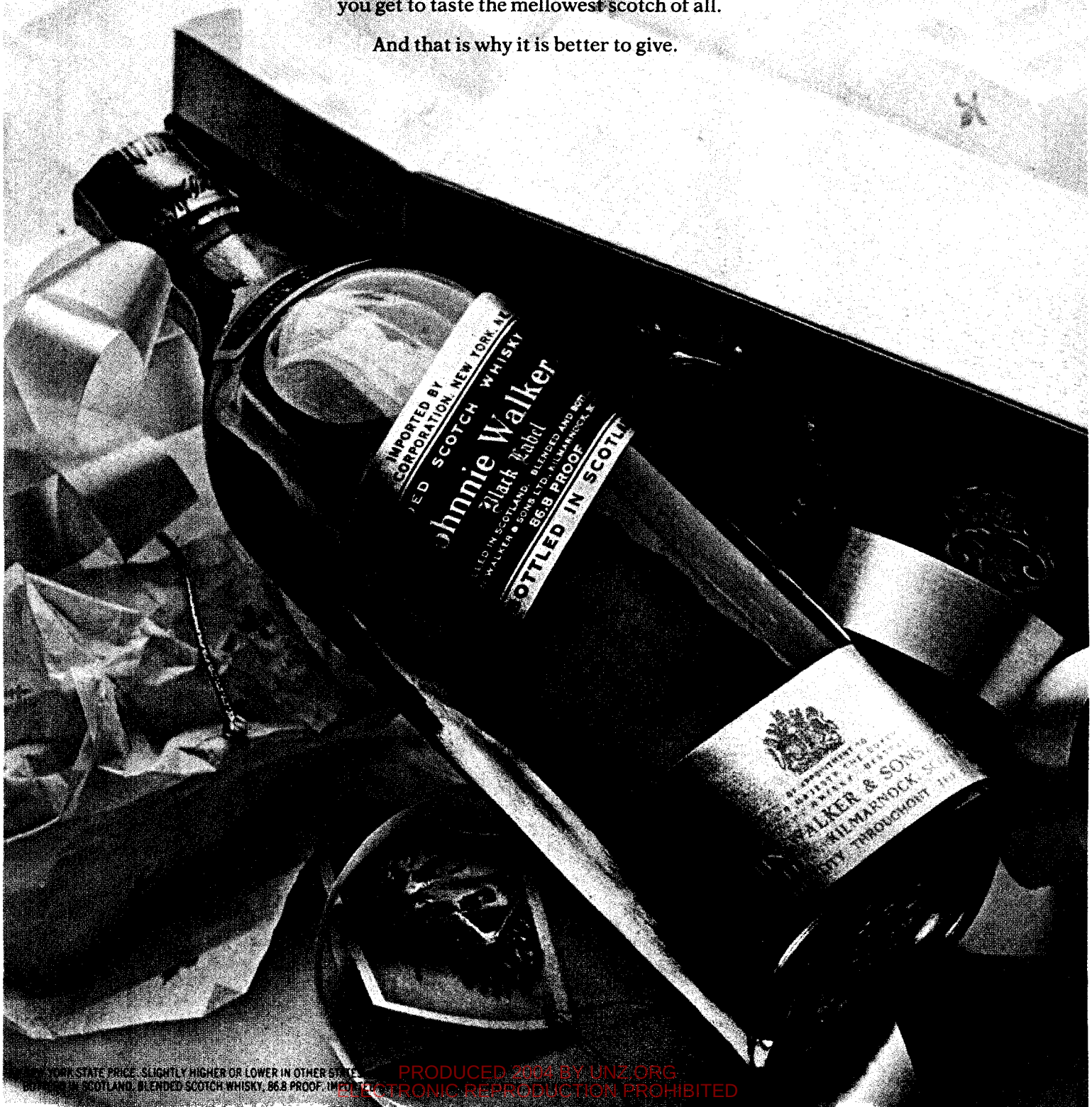

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